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ACCORDING to the current newspaper reports the strikers in Germany have been suppressed and thus the first fruits of Trotzky's political attack on the government of the Central Powers have failed to ripen. The newspaper reports of what has taken place have necessarily been fragmentary and untrustworthy, but apparently political agitators were able to take advantage of a spontaneous movement of revolt against the sufferings undergone by the working population. They used the strike in order to advertise the Socialist protest against the government's peace policy at Brest-Litovsk. The strike failed partly because it was premature and partly because it was made vulnerable through an accessible organization. The German government is impregnable against organized attack from within, because the army continues to obey and because its own organization is so much more resourceful and capable than that of its enemies. It was able to strike unerringly and crushingly at the centres of agitation, and the opposition apparently collapsed without forcing the government to use much of its reserve power. For the present a similar fate is likely to overtake any organized effort to overthrow or even to embarrass the government. It can depend on the support of the army as long as three or four or five million French, British and American troops are ready to invade Germany whenever her power of military resistance is seriously injured.

IN spite of its failure to accomplish results of any political or military importance, the recent strike is symptomatic of a significant impairment of German morale. The strikers were seeking to accomplish an object by the modification of the German policy at Brest-Litovsk which the whole Socialist party and many middle class liberals apparently approved. They were beaten, but the opposition to this policy is certain to continue and to increase in strength. Scheidemann's recent speech demanded the conclusion of a peace with Russia on the basis of no annexations either furtive or confessed; and if the government fails to meet this demand, there will be deep resentment and still deeper depression among the German people. The difficulty which the existing Chancellor will have in steering a middle course between the Junkers and the liberals will be increased. In all probability he cannot continue much longer to carry water on both shoulders, and as soon as the government is forced to choose and to adopt an exclusively Junker or an exclusively liberal policy the time will come for really serious and dangerous dissension. If the government still further alienates the Junkers, they will become more violent and may succeed in getting rid of the Chancellor. If it further alienates the Socialists, an uncompromising parliamentary opposition will probably come into existence. In either event a wedge will certainly be driven into the moral unity of the German nation.

UNLESS we misinterpret the situation, the German government when it is obliged to choose between sacrificing Socialist or Junker support, will abandon that of the Socialists and their

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liberal allies. Assuming such to be the case, those who wish to resist the government will profit by the lesson of the recent strike. They will only repeat their recent failure, as they well know, if they attempt again overt organized resistance, but even so they will not be entirely helpless. The word could be passed around for the workers to slacken in their labor, to become careless, slow and inefficient, and wherever safe even to wreck important and delicate machines. If such a process of sabotage were sufficiently general and sufficiently furtive, it would be impossible for the government to meet it except by a policy of indiscriminate starvation and terrorism. In either event the power of the government and its ability to supply the army would be very much undermined. It must be remembered also, that any movement by the German government in the direction of the Junkers would also be received with dangerous resentment in Austria. Count Czernin's recent speech in answer to President Wilson contained some very plain speaking about the pan-Germans and was in many respects a plea with his own people for more time in which to bring about the general peace desired by them. From now on he will be crowded very hard by popular pressure for peace, and if he fails to make headway there will be a renewal and an intensification of popular protest throughout the Austro-Hungarian Empire. A successful insurrection or at least an utter economic collapse is much more probable in the Hapsburg than in the Hohenzollern dominions. Something of the kind is extremely likely to happen during the next few months.

CONSIDERING the situation in Germany and in Austria-Hungary, the defiant statement given out by the Supreme War Council of the Allies in answer to the von Hertling and Czernin speeches was a stupid blunder, which Americans have every reason to resent. Place this statement in the background of the preceding circumstances. President Wilson issues an address the chief object of which is to aid the Russian revolutionists in their political attack on the moral endurance of the peoples of Central Europe. Von Hertling and Czernin speak in reply. The speech of the Austrian Foreign Secretary was conciliatory and offered a clear opportunity if not for actual negotiations, for a retort which would accelerate the growing division between the two imperial governments. But the Supreme War Council issues a statement the only effect of which will be to cement the Central European Alliance. The speech of von Hertling is unconciliatory and impossible, but for that very reason it is denounced in Germany by the Socialists and others and its policy is used as a pretext for riots and strikes. The Supreme War Council is so much disturbed by these evidences of dissension in Germany that it proclaims a policy, the only effect of which will be to assist the German government in doing away with the dissensions. This is the kind of diplomacy which will drive Russia to a separate peace, and enable the Central Powers to prolong indefinitely their power of military resistance. The Supreme War Council began its political career by a continuation of the subordination of political to military strategy, which has always been the most costly blunder of the Allies.

SITTING in his office at Washington Mr. Baker can and does get and study the most accurate reports which can be made by the best American eyes in France. But by going himself to France he will profit by the advantage which first-hand knowledge always has over second-hand. He will not see all that all our expert observers see, but he will undoubtedly see something more. On the spot where the multifarious activities of our War Department can be judged by their result, where there is a concentration of results, he will gain new insights. Are American soldiers being sent to France faster than the necessary munitions for them are being supplied? What is the relation between the most immediate needs of our allies and their remoter needs? In what respects must the present be subordinated to the future and the future be subordinated to the present? A journey to France would give Mr. Baker a fresh eye for these questions, a new vividness of conviction about the right answers to them. He would return to the United States with a sharper vision, a reinforced will.

SUCH a journey would certainly not be a vacation, but it would be a change, a valuable relief from the endless details in which Mr. Baker has conscientiously but not wisely kept himself immersed. Upon his return he would probably realize what his mind had gained, in the efficiency of its power to estimate probability, to make decisions and to think things out, by absence from an overburdened desk, and the mistake of not delegating tasks that ought to be delegated would not be repeated. We venture to hope, first, that Mr. Baker will make this journey to France which he is said to intend, and secondly that he will not stay away too long. His influence here, as a liberal force of thought, especially in the application of thought to labor questions, as a public man who sincerely loves the democracy for which we are trying to make the world safe, is too important and too valuable to be long dispensed with.

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STOCK exchange operators, to judge by the behavior of the quotations, are taking the reports of German industrial disturbances more seriously than the editors of the metropolitan press, to judge by the tone of their leaders. The stock exchange does not believe that peace is as remote as ever. This the leader writers insist on believing. Both groups of authorities have access, presumably, to the same information. Both employ, presumably, the same logical apparatus for drawing conclusions from the facts. Which group of authorities should we, the plain people who have access to only fragmentary information, be safest in following? Most of us would select the stock exchange operators. It isn't that we are under the illusion that the hardheaded business man can see farther into the blank wall of the future than the only less hardheaded leader writer. But the stock exchange stakes its money on its belief, while the editorial office stakes only its reputation. We may remind ourselves of the gentleman who was striving to convince a friend that a contingent event would certainly arrive. The final test of sincerity was at last applied. "Will you bet on it?" asked the friend. "No," came the answer, "but I'd give you my word of honor."

HOUSING progress must wait until an uncoordinated administrative system arrives at a conclusion as to what executive department shall take charge of the work. The provision of accommodations for workers is primarily a labor question: should not the authority to proceed with it be reposed in the Department of Labor? This, it is gossiped, was the first tentative conclusion of the Cabinet. But later the Treasury Department advanced weighty reasons why the work should fall in its own province. Is not the Treasury Department in charge of the construction of public buildings? If it is competent to erect great architectural monuments in Washington and postoffices in all the cities and towns of the country, must it not also be competent to erect workingmen's dwellings about the ship-building and munitions plants? The problem is analogous to the problem of the disposition of the Food Administration. There were arguments that looked cogent to prove that the management of the nation's food supply should fall under the Department of Agriculture. Fortunately Congress placed the service directly under the President, with power to appoint a head responsible to the President alone. The housing programme, if it is drawn up in proportions commensurate with the national need, and few question the greatness of this need, is a job big enough for a man like Hoover, responsible only to the President.

THE Committee on Public Information has set itself to discourage public appeals to hatred in the propaganda of its 20,000 speakers. This is an obviously sound policy. It is too easy for a clever speaker to get a rich response when he shouts for wholesale spy-execution, probably the cheapest popular use of oratorical talent. There is an immense task before the authorized spokesmen of the government. They have still to convey information, to analyze progress, to urge an understanding of the issues of the war and the complicated processes of peace. Any departure from the serious consideration of our duties and responsibilities and ultimate aims is, as the Committee says, to "besmirch the ideals of the war by the vulgar methods to which the war lords for centuries have resorted." It may seem bloodless to avoid arousing hatred when the Germans are actually encountering Americans on the firing line; but civilian stamina is not to be shown in cries for bloodshed. It is to be shown in social organization, political intelligence, and that willingness to provide ways and means which is the army's final strength.

A Clean Peace

IN the recent answer returned by him to the congratulations of his English supporters Lord Lansdowne was justified in crowing over his opponents even louder than he did. When over two months ago he challenged the attitude toward peace which the British government was then assuming, he was violently denounced by members of the government and by the most conspicuous and authoritative of the government's newspaper supporters only to be quickly if not completely vindicated by the subsequent action of the government itself. Shaken by the reception which the Lansdowne letter received from the larger and less violent faction of British public opinion and pressed by the necessity of placating the labor party, Lloyd George accepted Lord Lansdowne's invitation to restate British war aims in a more conciliatory spirit and in so doing he was vigorously sustained by President Wilson, who had himself for the most part been conducting American diplomacy along the proposed lines.

Lansdowne's intervention acted even more beneficially on the behavior of public opinion among the British speaking peoples than upon the diplomatic policy of the British government. Three months ago the advocates of a decisive military victory over Germany as the *only* reputable means of accomplishing the political purposes for which the war was being fought were doing their utmost to terrorize American and to a less extent English

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public opinion. They were not content to insist, as they had reason and right to insist, on the need and the probably useful effect of inflicting on the German army an emphatic military defeat. Under the leadership of politicians such as Colonel Roosevelt and newspapers such as the New York Tribune they proclaimed the futility, the cowardice and the danger of seeking to accomplish the war aims of the Allies by any means except military victory. They denounced all who proposed to capitalize for diplomatic purposes the moral superiority of the cause of the Allies, and advocated the use of liberal political propaganda as an indispensable means of uniting the Allies and dividing and defeating Germany as enemies within the gates and as furtive pro-Germans. Rarely have the annals of political controversy offered an example of a more brutal and more wanton, and, if it had been continued, a more disastrous intolerance. For if these people and newspapers had determined the policy of the British and American governments and had succeeded in attaching the stigma of pro-Germanism to all who refused to recognize them as the infallible arbiters of American or British loyalty, the ultimate result would have been riots and strikes, not in the streets of Vienna and Berlin, but in those of London and New York.

Lord Lansdowne is not exclusively or even chiefly responsible for the passing of this attempted Reign of Terror. It is the active peace policy of the Bolsheviki and the growing power of the British labor party which have forced the Allied governments to grant to political weapons their proper place in the warfare against German militarism. But the Lansdowne letter marked nevertheless the end of one period in the formation of British and American public opinion about the war and the beginning of another period. The politicians and the newspapers who denounced Lord Lansdowne have not themselves faced about and practiced the policy which they formerly denounced as essentially treasonable. They still fail to understand that this war is a conflict of morales as much as of armies. They still talk as if militarism could be destroyed only by the use of military weapons. But when their own governments began to pursue a policy which associates military victory with the consolidating of political unity at home and the fomenting of political dissension among the enemy, they were obliged to abandon their attempt to attach the curse of Bolshevikism or pro-Germanism to the people and publications whose only offense was to advocate a policy now officially adopted and vigorously and successfully pursued in Washington and London.

As a consequence of the changed attitude of British and American public opinion, the word peace, which not so long ago had practically been expelled from polite discourse among two peoples who were fighting for the peace of the world, has been restored to reputability. As Lord Lansdowne himself pointed out in his recent address, it is no longer unpatriotic to discuss and even to advocate peace—provided by so doing the would-be-peacemaker will not sacrifice or compromise the objects for which so much suffering and destruction have been wrought and incurred. The phrase "La Paix Integrale" is being substituted for the phrase "La Victoire Integrale," and the substitution has in it much virtue and meaning. For when people talked about "La Victoire Integrale" they did not stop to distinguish between a complete military victory and a complete political victory, and they attached to the former all the consecration of feeling and will which should have been lavished on the latter. The insistence on a complete military victory as the only road to the greater political victory was itself an obstacle to the attainment of any kind of victory, military or political. But there can be no similar confusion about the phrase "La Paix Intégrale." It is what Lord Lansdowne means by "A Clean Peace"—a peace whether brought about by political or military weapons, which will help to remove the causes of war and to disparage militarism. "A Clean Peace" is not "a white peace," but neither is it yellow nor indelibly crimson. One would like to figure it as a triumphal semi-circular arch which touches the sky and is streaked with the several colors of the rainbow.

But in what does this greater victory, this clean and fortified peace consist? Not certainly, as our military-minded publicists would have us believe, in the imposition on the Central Empires of specific territorial readjustments as an absolute embodiment of political justice. In public negotiation, such as that which is now beginning, proposed terms of peace, in order to be kept "clean" must be frequently changed. Neither does it consist, as Lord Lansdowne would have us believe, chiefly in obtaining the formal consent of the Imperial governments to some gradual measure of disarmament and to the formation of a League of Nations. Disarmament and a League of Nations must form part of "La Paix Intégrale," but in order to bring about the revolutionary change in international relationships implied by genuine disarmament and an operative League of Nations, a corresponding revolution must at least be started in the internal organization of the two empires. Germany and Austria-Hungary have adjusted their domestic organization and policy chiefly to the real or supposed necessities of their relations to other states and nations; and unless this essential autocracy of their internal political structure and habit of mind

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is either overthrown or profoundly undermined there is little chance of the acceptance in good faith of any promise to disarm or of any proposed adherence to a League of Nations. To this extent we agree with the criticism passed on Lord Lansdowne's intervention elsewhere in this issue by Mr. H. G. Wells. His lordship is a wise opportunist conservative. He fails to understand or else he understands too well the opportunity which is offered for the advancement of democracy by the transformation of the war from a contest for decisive military victory into a competition in moral vitality and endurance.

If democracy contains any of the virtue attributed to it by democrats, if German and Austro-Hungarian autocracy are as maleficent as we believe them to be, we can await with faith and confidence the outcome of such a contest. We do not wish to humiliate or injure the German people. We do wish to discredit and destroy the German military system and its resulting suppression of national and popular aspirations. All the prevailing signs indicate that this object can eventually be accomplished, even though a decisive victory in the field has become practically impossible, provided only the Allied governments will act resolutely and loyally as if they really believe in the democracy, for the safety of which they claim to be fighting. There are unmistakable symptoms of moral disintegration in Germany and of both physical and moral disintegration in Austria-Hungary. The Allied nations have every reason to be persistent and to keep up their military and economic pressure on their enemies, to accompany that pressure with diplomatic offensives and democratic or revolutionary propaganda, and finally to modify their domestic policies still further so as to earn the support of the mass of their own people. In the case of America, for instance, the government needs to go much further than it has yet done in insisting on a radical program of social and industrial democracy as a war measure. By doing so it would doubtless scare and alienate the more prosperous classes, but these classes are too much bound up with the existing order to go beyond a verbal protest. They cannot strike. The wage-earners not only can but will, unless their interests, which have been so misunderstood and neglected in the traditional economic organization, are recognized and safeguarded. By so doing and only by so doing, can the Allied governments be assured of the popular support which may be necessary to obtain a clean peace. More and more the price of destroying the impossible military autocracy of Germany is coming to be destruction of the similarly impossible industrial autocracy in the United States and throughout the British Commonwealth.

Efficiency Without Inhumanity

THE letter of Mr. C. L. Vestal published on another page of this issue is typical of the attitude of many intelligent people towards the demand for a better organization of American war work. Our correspondent does not even consider how far the criticisms passed upon the existing organization may be justified, and how far the proposed changes may contribute to the object for the fulfilment of which the American nation is mortgaging its future productive ability and is offering up the lives of its sons. He judges the whole controversy from the standpoint of personal and party prestige. The President and his Secretary of War are in his eyes good safe Democrats, who are aiming to bring about a democratic peace, and who have exhibited a most encouragingly liberal attitude in their dealings with labor. Many of their critics are personal and partisan enemies of the administration, who are only too anxious to disparage the President and everything he represents. Although they are now attacking him because of a lack of efficiency in his conduct of the war they will, if they succeed in their attack, use their success for the purpose of discrediting his whole domestic and foreign programme, and undermining popular confidence in him and in his ways and works. Everyone who accepts his general leadership in politics should, consequently, cease to consider the merits of the controversy and should rally to the support of the administration. It is an issue between the sheep and the goats, between the friends and the enemies of democracy. As for "material efficiency," that at best is an ill-favored and sinister thing, which was made in Germany and which can be safely dispensed with by good American democrats.

It would be easy to interpret the argument of our correspondent as a plan for saving democracy at home at the expense of its fortunes in the present war, and any one who pleases can make the most of this obvious retort. But it is fairer to consider the objection on its strong rather than on its weak side. No one who is familiar with the perverted way in which political issues are framed up in democratic countries can deny some measure of reality to Mr. Vestal's treatment of the existing controversy. An American citizen is frequently obliged to support officials, even when he is not wholly satisfied with them, because he has shared their general political attitude, and because if he fails to support them he would be helping to confer power on people with whose general political attitude he entirely disagrees. If such an issue were presented at the present time, if, for instance, it were proposed to recall President Wilson and to substitute for him

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a pro-war Republican, who was hell-bent on efficiency, the New Republic would unhesitatingly and enthusiastically support the President. It would support him because it considers his leadership in foreign politics and his preferences in domestic politics of prime importance to the American people in their present quandary. Much as we should regret the necessity of choosing between candidates who represented two such political desirables as sound general policy and able administration, we should, if forced to a choice, prefer sound policy. In making this choice we should do so without serious misgivings. Difficult as it may be to get able administration out of the President and the Democratic party, the job would be child's play compared to the job of getting a sound and liberal domestic and foreign policy out of the existing Republican leadership. Neither should we have any confidence that the Republicans would prove to be efficient, because they insisted stridently upon the word. For although sound policy is dependent for its success on able administration, able administration is equally dependent for its success on sound policy. If the Republicans had been running this war the breakdown would have assumed a different form, but it might well have been even more complete and costly than it is.

These considerations afford no excuse for failing to urge upon the President and Mr. Baker the improvement of their administration of the war. The country is not now preparing for an early election. Its citizens are not yet presented with an exclusive choice between good Democrats who are superior to efficiency and a party of efficiency experts who consider Republican anti-Wilsonism to be the first qualification of an able administrator. The object of good citizens and of good friends of the President and of his domestic and foreign policy should be to prevent the Republicans from having the opportunity of stating the issue in such terms. For if this issue can be established during the Congressional campaign next summer, it will go hard with the President, with the Democratic party and with the liberal domestic and foreign policy represented by them. In peace the American democracy is usually indifferent to accusations of inefficiency against a government, but during war its attitude is bound to be different. It will inevitably and properly charge up to the administration any failure to return to the nation a full measure of tangible results for the national expenditures and sacrifices. Whatever attitude a citizen or a journal may have to take, when a choice has finally to be made between the administration and its critics, the only effective way to " support the administration " now is to help it earn a large margin of credit with the American people by pointing out wherein its existing performance is open to criticism and indicating the needed remedy.

The President and Mr. Baker have themselves justified the work of their critics. They have introduced many changes into the personnel and structure of their war administration, but they have delayed in doing so until after the criticisms had been published. Their reforms have already cured certain specific maladies. As yet, however, the ultimate malady which consists in the lack of an administrative plan and of some kind of civilian general staff to prepare such a plan, to modify it when necessary and to make sure of its being executed, has been neglected. The American nation cannot emerge with credit from its supreme test unless more prevision, more anticipation of coming difficulties, more energy in overcoming them and more exhaustive and candid brain work is applied to the task of war administration. Not only Mr. Baker's department, but most of the other regular and improvised war services are being operated not by their brains but by their members. Practically every expert administrator in Washington, no matter how well disposed he may be to the President, agrees to the truth of this criticism and is hoping the President will eventually act upon it. There is every probability he will—provided his enemies in Congress do not attempt to emasculate his executive leadership.

But whatever form of staff organization the President eventually adopts, its work will be hampered unless it can use as its instrument a munitions department. Such a department is not, as the President himself seems to think, a piece of bureaucratic mechanism, which a modern nation at war can perfectly well dispense with. A munitions department may be organized in many different ways, but the administrative idea which underlies it is indispensable to the successful organization for war purposes of a modern industrial nation. America will need during the next few months a prodigious volume of commodities and service in order to feed and supply its armed and civilian populations and those of its allies. It cannot obtain the needed volume of services and supplies without stimulating the production of essentials and diminishing the production of unessentials, and preventing the production of several essentials from interfering one with another. The object of what is known as a munitions department is to organize production so as to assure to the government the full volume of essential supplies and services at the smallest possible sacrifice of the less essential supplies and services. The departments as actually organized in France and Great Britain have been intrusted with only a part of this colossal yet indispensable task, and their failures, in so far as they have failed, are

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due to the limitation of their organization. Their control over war production has been divided up with other departments. But it has been sufficient to prevent the deplorable condition now existing in this country, which is that of an industrial mechanism operating at only a fraction of its possible or usual productivity.

Our correspondent makes a grave mistake in confusing this demand for the organization of production with the demand for a ruthless and inhuman mechanical efficiency. The more successful the government is in organizing production even in the midst of war, the more it will be forced to recognize the social as distinguished from the merely economic nature of its task. For there is no way of organizing production without organizing labor, and there is no way of organizing labor without giving it a stake in the industry such as it has never yet been allowed to have. Ever since, for instance, the British government honestly tackled the task of organizing production for war purposes, it has been moving in the direction of an economic constitutionalism which conferred an increasing measure of industrial citizenship upon the British wage-earner. No attempt was made, as in this country, to bribe him with excessive wages, or except in the beginning to coerce him against his will. But he was assured fair wages, continuity of employment, decent working conditions, and some measure of control over shop conditions in return for continuity and efficiency of labor. Hitherto no similar policy has been adopted in this country, and that is probably the most important reason for the low productive ability of the American industrial mechanism of today.

This matter of organizing production, instead of being one to which democracy can afford to be indifferent, is in reality the ultimate problem of modern society no less in peace than in war. Let us suppose the modern nations suddenly become as eager and as determined to work for the better happiness of other people as they are now eager and determined to work for their mutilation and annihilation. Let us suppose they seriously tackled the problem of producing with the utmost economy of human labor the largest possible volume of economic goods and of distributing them among the largest possible number of people. We should then need to organize production of goods just as we now need to organize the production of war supplies and war services; and success in both cases would depend upon our ability to persuade men and women to work vigorously and intelligently for as many hours as they could without unwholesome fatigue. The timid and blundering attempt now being made to organize American productive ability for the destruction of human life is prophetic and typical of the attempt which will have to be made ultimately by democracies to organize production for the enhancement of human life. A democracy is the one form of polity which cannot be indifferent to this organization of production, and which is bound to apply to the problem all the prevision, drive, science, expertness and patient thought which is necessary to success in obtaining it. A department which was capable of producing and distributing the munitions needed during war might well develop into a department capable of producing and distributing the munitions needed for the normal peaceful and fruitful life of a whole society.

The Wisdom of the Wise

IT is not often that the conservators of wisdom, the guardians of tradition in matters international, give utterance to their thought on the practicability of the league of nations, on the possibility of an enduring peace. But when they speak, they deal in disillusionment. How shall a satisfactory scheme of international organization be wrought out? Shall we have a permanent council, or only occasional conferences for the interpretation of the original agreements? Shall we organize on the principle, one nation one vote, or shall we weight the representation of nations on a basis of population, wealth, military or naval power? How shall we manage the international armies, without which, we are warned, international law is a New Year's resolution? How shall we prevent an aggressive member of the league from providing itself with forces superior to those of the rest of the league, and thus set at defiance the common will of the nations? How shall we provide in our organization for the supplanting of empires that decay by empires bursting their confines by force of expanding energies? A fool, it is said, may ask questions that seven wise men can not answer. When a wise man asks questions, we, the plain citizens of America, who have not imbibed the wisdom of Talleyrand and Metternich, Bismarck and Cavour, may expect to sink under a wave of moral discouragement.

We do not remain downcast long, however. For the comfort of the analogy we recall that the wise were equally doubtful of the success of the American experiment in republican institutions. That was a bolder experiment than is usually realized by us who have passed our lives under the stablest government in the world. A century ago were not the seeds of conflicting interests between the several groups of states already sending up vigorous shoots? Were there not already wide differences of classes, and bitter jealousies among them? With

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such discordant forces bound together under the Constitution, the future, destined to alter the equilibrium of forces, looked ominous to the trained political prophet. What the politically wise failed to take into account, because they were not of it nor capable of feeling it, was the saving element of democracy. Our nation has become progressively more stable politically, in spite of an enormous diversification of interests, because it has become progressively more democratic. The one dangerous undemocratic element in our original constitutional make-up, a slave-holding class, did indeed come near destroying us. We extirpated it by war; and by less violent means we are proceeding to extirpate other undemocratic elements, one by one. We still have privileged classes, and consequent social unrest and political disturbances. But we have reached a point in our development where even so good a conservative as Mr. Hughes foresees that in the future property and privilege will have to depend for their survival upon the democratic principle of service. With this achieved, our political security and stability will be as solidly based as anything human can be. So much we owe to the expanding force of democracy, of which the wise who forecast the course of nations know nothing.

It is the democracies of the world that believe in a league of nations to ensure enduring peace. America believes in it, British labor believes in it. So also do the socialists of France and Italy, and even in Germany and Austria-Hungary the most democratic factions believe in it. Autocrats, aristocrats, bureaucrats, professional diplomats do not as a rule believe in it. Nor should we who are democrats believe in the permanent efficacy of a league of nations, if we did not have confidence that, under the shelter of a league strong enough to ensure peace for even a generation, the rising flood of modern democracy will engulf autocrats and aristocrats and bureaucrats along with their unbelief. Why has the impatient and indocile German endured the rule of Junker and court? Because they promised protection against foreign invasion. Why have the masses of the Magyars, the proudest race in the world, submitted to the dominance of the magnates? For the same obvious reason. On the European continent only the nations like Switzerland, Denmark and Norway, which have considered themselves immune from attack, have been able to proceed uninterruptedly with their democratic development. We wish to assure all nations immunity from attack, that the spirit of democracy may do its work.

We recognize that no convention accepted by the nations at this time can provide for all the contingencies that may arise in a half century or in a century. We recognize that the uneven growth of nations and empires would subject any such convention to a disruptive strain, if the nations remain as they are today. But they will not remain such as they are if we can do away with the imminent danger of war. And this we believe to be quite practicable. What we aim at is essentially nothing more than this: Let the nations be so bound together that any one, proceeding to acts of aggression, will understand clearly that the forces of all the rest will be thrown against it. As matters now stand in the world, this would mean that a nation entering upon the ways of aggression would recognize clearly that it was entering upon a struggle against heavy odds, just as Germany, for all her trained armies and systematic preparations, is now struggling against heavy odds.

Imagine that a decade ago such a league had been formed. Would the Great War have been prevented? Austria, in attacking Serbia, Germany in attacking Belgium, would have been forced to count upon the combined opposition of all the nations now arrayed against them. It would have been a more effective opposition, too. If the United States had accepted the peace of Europe as an appropriate object of policy, we should not have been content to remain unarmed while Germany was arming. England would not have confined her defensive preparations to her navy. But even if the other members of the league had made no more effective preparations to balance those of the Teutonic empires, the risks of aggression would still have been too great for even German military adventurers to assume lightly. We can recall the anguish and indignation to which Germany gave vent when England joined forces with France and Russia. The hope of a short and merry war was extinguished; Germany, it was seen, had to fight for her life. With a league of nations in existence, Germany would have known at the outset that she was backing up Austrian insolence at the price of a life or death struggle.

The world now knows infinitely more about war and its agonies. It has a better realization of the fact that no one nation has a monopoly of military prowess. More than a generation must elapse before any nation will boast that it is powerful enough to defy the world. Provided that we can form some kind of international system under which acts of aggression will necessarily challenge the world, we shall for a generation have no acts of aggression, no wars. Whether the system shall be one under which armaments are reduced to a minimum, or one under which military service is everywhere universal, is a matter that may work itself out as it will. All that is essential is that military adventure shall be made to mean the un-

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dertaking of a struggle against odds. This is enough to give democracy time to accomplish its work of pacification.

But who will guarantee that democracy will actually bring peace? Did not the American democracy wage one war of aggression against Mexico, another against Spain? Did we not recently come within a hair's breadth of another war upon Mexico? It was not the American democracy that set out to despoil Mexico of her northern territories, but a slave-owning oligarchy. The war against Spain was conceived by the American democracy as a war of liberation, not a war of conquest, and the subsequent attitude of the democracy toward Cuba and the Philippines bears out this fact. It was not the plain democrat of America that clamored most loudly for intervention in Mexico, but the international profiteers we still have among us. So far as the genuine democrat joined in the cry for intervention, it was because of a belief that nameless barbarities would persist forever south of the Rio Grande, unless order were imposed from without.

It is not the American democrat who wishes the American flag to wave on every hill-top from the Arctic to the Isthmus. It is not the British democrat who sees the map of Africa all red. It is not the German democrat whose hopes race over the road from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf. These are aristocratic dreams. For the German Kaiser the future of Germany lies on the seas. For the German democrat it lies within the territories occupied by the German people. Our own undemocratic classes are filled with anxiety over our place in South America or in the Orient. Our democracy is most concerned over our place at home. Our democracy admits indeed the importance of international economic relations, but it recognizes the superior importance of domestic relations. The problems of democracy are mainly domestic; that is why democracy may be counted on to make for international peace.

The wise have little faith in a league of nations and enduring peace. But the wise can see only nations governed as they now are by kings who hope that history may call them great, by aristocratic cliques thirsting for adventure and promotion and profit. They can not see the steadily rising flood of democracy that needs only a preliminary period of peace to sweep away the very premises upon which the war and diplomacy of today are based. But this we cannot fail to take into our own calculations, because we are in the democratic flood and are alive to its motion. We have faith in the efficacy of a league of nations to assure peace for the next generation. And for the time being, we have faith in democracy.

A League of Working Women

SALES girls in New York department stores get on the average five and a half dollars a week, and they live where this budget permits them to live. It is not in houses as commodious as those proposed for munitions workers. If they try by organizing to secure the power of collective bargaining paid spies carry their names to the employers and they are summarily discharged. These girls are neither the best nor the worst example one could choose. They are merely an average instance of the millions of women workers whom the war affects chiefly by making it still more impossible for them to live decently on their scanty wages. They can not all go into munitions factories, or take men's places for the duration of the war. "Business as Usual" must go on; or it will go on at any rate.

It is therefore time to remember that an organization exists which concerns itself no less about standards for the women of peace industries than about standards for women in war industries, an organization based on the worker's right to represent herself. That is the National Women's Trade Union League.

People unfamiliar with the labor movement, also some who are familiar with it, do not always understand the nature of the League and the need for it. The nature is easily explained by quoting from its constitution. It is: "To protect the women wage earners of America from an inadequate wage and extreme work hours; to insure them a voice in the adjustment of industrial conditions by establishing self-government in the workshop through trade-union organization; to create a public opinion which really understands the labor movement; to further the enactment of such legislation as will benefit the workers." It is a federation of trade unions with women members and of non-unionists who endorse the program of the League, a policy like that of the English labor party.

Some people ask why an organization of working women should be distinguished from the American Federation of Labor, especially since the League exists primarily for the purpose of organizing women into A. F. of L. unions. Are the interests of men and women workers not identical, they ask, and shouldn't they be represented by the same body? The answer is that perhaps they should but as a matter of fact they aren't. The history of trade unionism among women shows that the A. F. of L. has taken only a tepid interest in the organization of women, and that it has not allowed those who were unionized due representation on the governing bodies.

This is not charging the leaders of the A. F. of L. with any special wickedness. It is only charging

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them with being men, average men, who, although they can think far enough to recognize the independence of labor, are still traditional males when it comes to the independence of women. If they have ridiculously few women organizers, it is because they have really not accepted woman as a permanent factor in industry. If no woman was asked to attend the council of unions called by Mr. Gompers at the beginning of the war, it is because some labor men are not unlike some other men in that they think a man can represent a woman economically as well as politically.

It is a repetition on a different scale of the fight for equal suffrage. The A. F. of L. is now beginning to see that the way to deal with the competition of cheap woman labor is not to keep the women out of the unions but on the contrary to get them organized as quickly as possible. It will take longer to make the A. F. of L. see that women are entitled to represent themselves. They can not learn to be good unionists if they have only half a vote doled out to them, which is what happened to the telephone girls of Boston who organized well enough to become members of the Electrical Workers Union; nor if they are shunted off into "ladies auxiliaries" (word reminiscent of Sunday-school picnics) without any voting power at all.

These reasons are alone sufficient to prove the great need for working women to represent their interests through the Women's Trade Union League. There are other reasons, however, which would hold good even if the last A. F. of L. man became a convinced feminist; and the chief of them is that though the interests of the working man and woman are indeed the same their problems will continue different, if not eternally different, at least until some way is discovered by which a woman can manage a job and a family at the same time. Woman as a sex is in industry to stay, that is certain; but it is almost equally certain that woman as an individual has other plans for herself. Whether she is aware of it or not, she is likely to consider the store or factory as a sort of profitable half-way-house where she will spend a few years en route for the final haven of marriage. She may never reach that haven or she may be sorry when she does, but generally speaking women in industry are a transient population, eventually shifting back to the home. What they forget, and what union men forget who make this an argument against unionizing women, is that for one woman who marries two stand ready to step into her job, ready to suffer if conditions are unimproved and ready to undercut the wages of union men.

If women as individuals are not permanent in industry the way a man is, there is all the more need for an organization especially fitted to deal with their side of the labor problem, and devoted to carrying the standards and traditions from one set of organized women wage-earners to the next. This bond of unity is the Women's Trade Union League. An analogy to its work is found in the college world. Here the population is even more shifting than women in industry and yet each class hands to the next the same traditions; the freshman class remains the freshman class, in spite of a yearly change of all its members. So, in the industrial world, if one generation of wage-earning women are organized, they will instruct the incoming workers, and what has been won will not be lost. But there is danger of loss unless the body of standards is guarded and added to by an organization making this its special task, and studying the woman's side of the industrial problem.

It doesn't mean that women ought to secede into their own little shell of a labor organization, hostilely distinct from that of the men. Such is farthest from the ideal of the Women's Trade Union League. Cooperation, not secession, is its aim. Under the fine leadership of the president, Mrs. Raymond Robbins of Chicago, this ideal is becoming realized. Mrs. Robbins personifies the best in the women's trade union movement. She bends all her energy and sympathy and understanding to the task of making women workers see that for better conditions in peace or war they must join the country's great labor organization; and she has the stamina to say to conservative A. F. of L. leaders that it is not enough for them to welcome women only as the addition of "a sympathetic tone to the labor movement."

The Women's Trade Union League is at present being of great assistance to the government in helping to solve the problem of women in war industries. But of even greater and more ultimate importance is the fact that it recognizes this work as only a part of what it has done and will do for women in the industries of peace.

The New Control of Labor

A FEW thousand ragged vagrants out of jobs parade and advertise an "unemployment crisis." Or a labor union strikes for higher wages and shorter hours. In these crude terms public opinion has conceived the labor problem. It was an annoyance existing in vacuo, brought on by the unruly, to be obliterated if possible by jury methods, otherwise by the police, and to be quickly forgotten. This jaunty indifference has left behind it a lack of national labor policy which at this moment threatens the success of our arms more than any lack of a trained and equipped army. Whether the Shipping Board builds 2,500,000 or 6,000,000

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tons in 1918 depends principally upon whether it can find, train, and house several hundred thousand skilled mechanics and keep them in the shipyards. Railroads cannot repair their locomotives to haul coal and freight because there is no adequate agency to bring men to jobs. Whether the Signal Corps can deliver its battle-planes depends on finding labor to cut enough spruce. The farmers say that crops may be restricted this year through lack of skilled agricultural labor. To dump unskilled men on the mythical "labor market," even though they could be found, would not help. Conscripting untrained men would not help. The nation has discovered at last that labor is the fundamental element of production. If the workers are to contribute their full measure to national undertakings, there must be great and complex agencies for their proper distribution and training, for maintaining their health and enlisting their good will. There must be sound policies of economic justice, to prevent strikes, and bodies to settle disputes promptly if they arise.

At long last the government has made a beginning at the gigantic task of building up a national labor administration. The "new instrumentalities" promised by President Wilson to the American Federation of Labor Convention in Buffalo on November 12th were outlined on January 22nd in a programme formulated by a council recently appointed for this purpose. To Secretary Wilson of the Department of Labor is delegated the formation and direction of the administration. The programme includes, first, an adjustment bureau to prevent and settle disputes. A conference has been called of five representatives of employers, five of organized labor and two of the public, who will be expected to form a general agreement to underlie the work of this bureau. The programme goes on to enumerate executive divisions: one to administer the conditions of labor in plants according to whatever laws and agreements may exist or arise, one to correlate the bodies dealing with women in industry, one to take charge of training workers and diluting the skilled with the unskilled, one to oversee housing and transportation, one to develop a system of employment exchanges, one to direct information and publicity, and one to select the personnel for the whole undertaking. The chiefs of these bureaus are to form a general policy board for the Secretary of Labor.

Such a complete programme will necessitate an expansion of the department comparable only with the expansion of the War Department. The present bureau of mediation, for instance, has a force of three executives in Washington and forty-four mediators in the field. Compare these forty-seven overworked individuals with the two thousand strikes which took place in munitions works alone between April and November. Or take the Employment Service, which last fall had no resource but a $250,000 appropriation and ninety local offices, and try to supply with it the demand for hundreds of thousands of skilled workers of all kinds. An adequate labor administration will require as much energy and organizing ability, if not as much money, as any executive department in Washington. It took England at least three years to build a system of employment exchanges that made a noticeable impression on labor distribution. To begin our labor administration now is like sending a ship across the world to save a drowning child. Yet the ship must be sent, on the certainty that another child will be in the water by the time it arrives. The Labor Administration should be every day on the front pages of the newspapers beside the Shipping Board and the War Department; it should receive as generously estimated appropriations from Congress, and as much criticism.

Of course the producing departments have not been able to wait for this action, and have all undertaken labor management for themselves. Mr. Baker began with the adjustment board which prevented serious trouble in the building of cantonments, and followed that with the board of control on uniform making and the agreement in the harness industry, and finally appointed employment managers in both Quartermaster and Ordnance Bureaus. The Navy has its adjustment committee. The Shipping Board has bodies to prevent and adjust strikes both of longshoremen and shipyard workers, it has employment managers and a housing program. The Department of Labor is fortunate in being able to begin with these bodies.

Obviously, however, they are not enough. In the first place, they can deal only with their contractors and subcontractors, thus leaving uncontrolled many great branches of industry whose production is in the long run just as important. In the second place, any national system of employment exchanges must be able to draw from and deliver to all industries, as well as those contracting with a single department. In the third place, wages and conditions must be so fixed that army, navy and shipbuilding shall not compete with each other in any given locality—and the experience of all official Washington proves that coordination cannot be well achieved without centralized control. And in the fourth place, nothing but a central head could be held responsible for larger policies upon which a labor programme must rest—policies, for instance, in forming the establishment of a general industrial truce, the determination of priority, and the utilization of women workers.

At this point arises the most delicate problem for

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the new administration. Grant that responsibility must be centred in one head—who, as it happens, is the Secretary of Labor. On the other hand, the management of labor is an essential factor of production, and must in most instances be executed by those who sign contracts and are responsible for production—in other words, by the Secretaries of War and the Navy, the Chairman of the Shipping Board, and their subordinates. Here the greatest power over manufacturers is exercised. Here inspection can best be made. Here are the control charts which furnish the essential information. A shipyard, for instance, fails to deliver, and blames the indifference of certain rivetting gangs, which show only a fifty per cent efficiency. Investigation develops that other factors may be soft rivets, low air pressure, dilution of the gangs with untrained workmen. Only a production department could discover the facts in this case on which wise action could be based.

The hiatus is bridged in the new programme by an ingenious compromise. The existing agencies for adjustment and inspection in the producing departments are to be utilized to their full capacity, but they are to clear their activities through the Department of Labor and find their policies there. It is planned to have Mr. Baker, Mr. Daniels and Mr. Hurley delegate their executive responsibility in labor matters to Secretary Wilson, and direct their subordinates dealing with labor to act as subordinates of the Labor Administration.

In practice, of course, this plan will cause difficulties. No one is more jealous of his responsibility than a production manager, especially one who is under such pressure as the military and shipping men are sure to be for a long time. What will happen when the establishment of labor standards seems in some instances to interfere temporarily with maximum production? What will happen when the Labor Administration has to decide whether to direct an inadequate number of mechanics to shipyards or to navy yards, or to ordnance plants? Already the Shipping Board, encouraged by Mr. Baker, has refused to delegate its housing programme to the new administration. Secretary Wilson, in coordinating labor management, may eventually find himself in a position as useless as that of the chairman of the War Industries Board in coordinating purchases. Mr. Wilson, however, has a better chance, since he does have some legal power as an executive, whereas the War Industries Board has none.

In the absence of centralized production, the new plan is the best that can be devised. Its outlines have been carefully and shrewdly drawn. If, as seems likely, the Secretary and the new administration begin with a large enough conception of their opportunity, if they are strongly supported by Congress, by manufacturers and by labor, if they assemble a staff which shows such energy and ability that it gathers high prestige, and if the labor managers in the departments do their best to iron out differences between production managers and the Labor Administration, the programme will be translated into much useful accomplishment.

Of all banalities, none is more banal than a certain quotation from Omar. Yet no other is stale enough to express the weariness of one who spent a winter in Washington studying the war government, who "did evermore frequent Doctor and Sage, and heard great argument," and who, no matter what portal he entered, always came out "by that same door wherein he went"—namely, the need for a centralized control of supplies. There is no freshness or other attraction in this idea, only a pervasive sense of inevitability. Nevertheless, no honest view of the Labor Administration could omit the following paragraph from the report of the astute council which formulated the programme:

"We should, however, be neglectful of our full duty in the case did we not point out that a *perfect* administration of labor matters in accord with the plan outlined above would not be sufficient to meet the emergency which faces the country. Labor matters do not stand by themselves. They are phases of production, and no centralized administration of labor can be adequate which does not go hand in hand with the centralization of administration of production. How this latter centralization is to be accomplished is not for your council to consider, but its judgment is clear that failure to secure such centralization spells failure to secure a sound situation in labor. and failure to prosecute the war vigorously."

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The Question at Issue

Are We Sticking to the Point?

HAS this war aims controversy really got down to essentials? Is the purpose of this world conflict from first to last too complicated for brevity or can we boil it down into a statement compact enough for a newspaper column?

And if we can, why is there all this voluminous, uneasy, unquenchable disputation about war aims?

As to the first question I would say that the gist of the dispute between the Central Powers and the world can be written easily without undue cramping in an ordinary handwriting upon a postcard. It is the second question that needs answering. And the reason why the second question has to be asked and answered is this, that several of the Allies, and particularly we British, are not being perfectly plain and simple-minded in our answer to the first, that there is a division among us and in our minds, and that our division is making us ambiguous in our behavior, that it is weakening and dividing our action and strengthening and consolidating the enemy, and that unless we can drag this slurred-over division of aim and spirit into the light of day and *settle it now,* we are likely to remain double-minded to the end of the war, to split our strength while the war continues and to come out of the settlement at the end with nothing nearly worth the strain and sacrifice it has cost us.

And first let us deal with that postcard and say what is the essential aim of the war, the aim to which all other aims are subsidiary. It is, we have heard repeated again and again by every statesman of importance in every Allied country, to defeat and destroy military imperialism, to make the world safe forever against any such deliberate aggression as Germany prepared for forty years and brought to a climax when she crossed the Belgian frontier in 1914. We want to make anything of that kind on the part of Germany, or of any other power, henceforth impossible in this world. That is our great aim. Whatever other objects may be sought in this war, no responsible statesman dare claim them as anything but subsidiary to that; one can say in fact this is our sole aim, our other aims being but parts of it. Better that millions should die now, we declare, than that hundreds of millions still unborn should go on living, generation after generation, under the black tyranny of this imperialist threat.

There is our common agreement. So far at any rate we are united. The question I would put the reader is this: are we all logically, sincerely, and fully carrying out the plain implications of this war aim? Or are we to any extent muddling about with it in such a way as to confuse and disorganize our allies, weaken our internal will and strengthen the enemy?

Now the plain meaning of this supreme declared war aim is that we are asking Germany to alter her ways. We are asking Germany to become a different Germany. Either Germany has to be utterly smashed up and destroyed or else Germany has to cease to be an aggressive military imperialism. The former alternative is dismissed by most responsible statesmen. They declare that they do not wish to destroy the German people or the German nationality or the civilized life of Germany. I will not enlarge here upon the tedium and difficulties such an undertaking would present. I will dismiss it as being not only impossible but also as an insanely wicked project. The second alternative therefore remains as our war aim. I do not see how the sloppiest reasoner can evade that. As we do not want to kill Germany, we must want to change Germany. And if words have any meaning at all that is saying that we are fighting to bring about a revolution in Germany. We want Germany to become a democratically controlled state, such as is the United States today, with open methods and pacific intentions, instead of remaining a clenched fist. If we can bring that about we have achieved our war aim; if we cannot then this struggle has been for us only such loss and failure as humanity has never known before.

But do we as a nation stick closely to this clear and necessary, this only possible meaning of our declared war aim? That great, clear-minded leader among the Allies, that Englishman who more than any other single man speaks for the whole English-speaking and western-thinking community, President Wilson, has said definitely that this is his meaning. America, with him as her spokesman, is under no delusion; she is fighting consciously for a German revolution as the essential war aim. We in Europe do not seem to be so lucid. I think myself we have been, and are still, fatally and disastrously not lucid. It is high time and over that we cleared our minds and got down to the essentials of the war. We have muddled about in blood and dirt and secondary issues long enough.

We in Britain are not clear-minded, I would point out, because we are double-minded. No good end is served by trying to ignore in the fancied in-

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terests of "unity" a division of spirit and intention that trips us up at every step. We are, we declare, fighting for a complete change in international methods, and we are bound to stick to the logical consequences of that. We have placed ourselves on the side of democratic revolution against autocratic monarchy, and we cannot afford to go on shilly-shallying with that choice. We cannot in these days of black or white play the part of lukewarm friends to freedom. I will not remind the reader here of the horrible vacillations and inconsistencies of policy in Greece that have prolonged the war and cost us wealth and lives beyond measure, but President Wilson himself has reminded us pungently enough and sufficiently enough of the follies and disingenuousness of our early treatment of the Russian revolution. What I want to point out here is the supreme importance of a clear lead in this matter *now,* in order that we should state our war aims effectively. In every war there must be two sets of war aims kept in mind; we ought to know what we mean to do in the event of victory so complete that we can dictate what terms we choose, and we ought to know what in the event of a not altogether conclusive tussle are the minimum terms that we should consider justified us in a discontinuance of the tussle.

Now unless our leading statesmen are humbugs, and unless we are prepared to quarrel with America in the interests of the monarchist institutions of Europe, we should in the event of an overwhelming victory destroy both the Hohenzollern and Hapsburg empires, and that means, if it means anything at all and is not mere lying rhetoric, that we should set up a great republic in Germany and insist upon Germany becoming free and democratic, that is to say, in effect if not in form republican, and insist upon a series of national republics, Polish, Hungarian, Serbo-Croatian, Bulgarian, and the like, in eastern Europe; crowned republics it might be in some cases, but in no case too much crowned; that we should join with these thus liberalized Powers and with our allies and with the neutrals in one great League of Nations, trading freely with one another, guaranteeing each other freedom and maintaining a world-wide peace and disarmament, and a new reign of law for mankind.

If that is not what we are out for, then I do not understand what we are out for; there is dishonesty and trickery and diplomacy and foolery in the struggle and I am no longer whole-hearted for such a half-hearted war. If after a complete victory we are to bolster up the Hohenzollerns, Hapsburgs, and their relations, set up a constellation of more cheating little subordinate kings, and reinstate that system of diplomacies and secret treaties and secret understandings, that endless drama of international threatening and plotting, that never-ending arming, which has led us after a hundred years of waste and muddle to the supreme tragedy of this war, then the world is not good enough for me and I shall be glad to close my eyes upon it. I am not alone in these sentiments. I believe that in writing thus I am writing the opinion of the great mass of reasonable British, French, Italian, Russian and American men. I believe too that this is the desire also of great numbers of Germans, and that they would, if they could believe us, gladly set aside their present rulers to achieve this plain common good for mankind.

But, the reader will say, what evidence is there of any republican feeling in Germany? That is always the objection made to any reasonable discussion of the war—and as most of us are denied access to German papers, it is difficult to produce quotations; and even when one does, there are plenty of fools to suggest and believe that the entire German press is an elaborate camouflage. Yet in the German press there is far more criticism of militant imperialism than those who have no access to it can imagine. There is far franker criticism of militarism in Germany than there is of reactionary Toryism in this country. And it is more free to speak its mind. That, however, is a question by the way. It is not the main thing that I have to say here. What I have to say here, is that in Great Britain—I will not discuss the affairs of any of our allies—there are groups and classes of people, not numerous, not representative, but placed in high and influential positions and capable of free and public utterance who are secretly and bitterly hostile to this great war aim, which inspires all the Allied peoples. These people are permitted to deny—our peculiar censorship does not hamper them—loudly and publicly that we are fighting for democracy and world freedom; "Tosh" they say to our dead in the trenches, "you died for a mistake"; they jeer at this idea of a League of Nations making an end to war, an idea that has inspired countless brave lads to face death and such pains and hardships as outdo even death itself; they perplex and irritate our allies by propounding schemes for some precious economic league of the British empire—that is, to treat all "foreigners" with a common base selfishness and stupid hatred —and they intrigue with the most reactionary forces in Russia. These British reactionaries openly and with perfect impunity represent our war as a thing as mean and shameful as Germany's attack on Belgium, and they do it because generosity and justice in the world is as terrible to them as dawn is to the creatures of the night.

Our Tories blundered into this great war, not

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seeing whither it would take them. In particular it is manifest now by a hundred signs that they dread the fall of monarchy in Germany and Austria. Far rather would they make the most abject surrender to the Kaiser than deal with a renascent republican Germany. The recent letter of Lord Lansdowne, urging a peace with German imperialism, was but a feeler from the pacifist side of this most un-English, and unhappily most influential section of our public life. Lord Lansdowne's letter was the letter of a peer who fears revolution more than national dishonor. But it is the truculent wing of this same anti-democratic movement that is far more active. While our sons suffer and die for their comforts and conceit, these people scheme to prevent any communication between the republican and socialist classes in Germany and the Allied population. At any cost this class of pampered and privileged traitors intend to have peace while the Kaiser is still on his throne. If not, they face a new world—in which their part will be small indeed. And with the utmost ingenuity they maintain a dangerous vagueness about the Allied peace terms, *with the sole object of preventing a revolutionary movement in Germany.*

Let me put it to the reader exactly why our failure to say plainly and exactly and conclusively what we mean to do about a score of points, and particularly about German economic life after the war, paralyzes the penitents and friends and helpers that we could now find in Germany. Let me ask the reader to suppose himself a German in Germany at the present time. Of course if he was, he is sure that he would hate the Kaiser as the source of this atrocious war, he would be bitterly ashamed of the Belgian iniquity, of the submarine murders and a score of such stains upon his national honor; and he would want to alter his national system and make peace. Hundreds of thousands of Germans are in that mood now. But as most of us have had to learn, a man may be bitterly ashamed of this or that incident in his country's history—what Englishman for instance can be proud of Glencoe?—he may disbelieve in half its institutions and still love his country far too much to suffer the thought of its destruction. I prefer to see my country right, but if it comes to the pinch and my country sins I will fight to save her from the destruction her sins may have brought upon her. That is the natural way of a man. But suppose a German wished to try to start a revolutionary movement in Germany at the present time, have we given him any reason at all for supposing that a Germany liberated and democratized, but of course divided and weakened as she would be bound to be in the process, would get better terms from the Allies than a Germany still facing them, militant, imperialist, and wicked? He would have no reason for believing anything of the sort.

If we Allies are honest, then if a revolution started in Germany today we should if anything lower the price of peace to Germany. But these people who pretend to lead us will state nothing of the sort. For them a revolution in Germany would be a signal for putting up the price of peace. At any risk they are resolved that that German revolution shall not happen. Your sane good German, let me assert, is up against that as hard as if he was a wicked one. And so, poor devil, he has to put his revolutionary ideas away, they are hopeless ideas for him because of the power of the British reactionary; they are hopeless because of the line we as a nation take in this matter, and he has to go on fighting for his masters.

A plain statement of our war aims that did no more than set out honestly and convincingly the terms the Allies would make with a democratic republican Germany—republican I say because where a scrap of Hohenzollern is left today, there will be a fresh militarism tomorrow—would absolutely revolutionize the internal psychology of Germany. We should no longer face a solid people. We should have replaced the false issue of Germany and Britain fighting for the hegemony of Europe, the lie upon which the German government has always traded and in which our extreme Tory press has always supported the German government, by the true issue, which is freedom versus imperialism, the League of Nations versus that net of diplomatic roguery and aristocratic, plutocratic and autocratic greed and conceit, which dragged us all into this vast welter of bloodshed and loss.

H. G. WELLS.

Fulfilled

Though my hands have not learned to model
The dreams of a groping mind,
Though my lips have not spoken their music
And are leaving no songs behind,
Think not that my life has been futile,
Nor grieve for an unsaid word
For all that my lips might never sing,
My singing heart has heard.

I have etched the light on a willow
With neither a plate nor style,
I have made a song of the crescent moon,
A poem of only a smile.
Are they less because lips could not know them,
These songs that my heart has known;
Am I wholly mute who have sung with my heart,
And sung with my heart alone?

FRANCIS F. HOGAN,
Corporal, 4th U. S. Infantry.

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The Penguin Boy

Respects to Eton

IN the days when petrol was plentiful I found myself from time to time driving my car through the royal borough of Windsor. I would cross the river and make for Watford, my way home lying that way. And I was always startled, very much as I might have been at a flock of penguins, by meeting an irresistibly funny figure, or perhaps two funny figures together, followed by others equally ridiculous. They never got nearer to any sort of sociability than walking in couples here and there. Most of them would straggle along singly, all over the road, with an air of strongly reciprocated dislike and mistrust which resolved itself on closer observation into the burden of a common misery and a common boredom.

They were unlike anything else to be seen on earth, as far as my experience goes; and I have travelled in many lands. The nucleus of each figure was apparently a human boy; but I could never feel quite sure; for the costume was the costume of a stage boy, who is of course often a grown man and the father of a large family. The first absurdity in the costume was a tall hat. To me, who am old enough to remember when everybody of my sex wore a tall hat, and have actually worn one myself, a tall hat can never be quite as extravagantly ridiculous as it is now to people under thirty; but even in my day it was a stock joke to put a tall hat on a boy, because boys did not wear them. A tall hat was then an assertion of gentility and maturity: I remember that, when I bought my first, I had to buy a new suit to keep it in countenance. But nowadays all that is changed. About a year ago I met an earl of my acquaintance in a most resplendent tall hat. "In heaven's name," I exclaimed, never having seen him in such a thing before, "what are you doing with that?" He explained that he had to, as he was going to the House of Lords, where, it seems, they are still worn. Undertakers and their mutes also wear them. In short, they survive only as part of the grotesque pageantry of some ancient ceremonial; and the consequence is that when you put them on a string of melancholy looking boys, the impression that they are going to bury one another, and are not pretending to grieve about it, produces an effect so uproariously comic that if I could reproduce it on the stage I should make more money than the author of The Bing Boys.

Next to the hat comes a collar of the sort I was compelled to wear when I was a child, and would not wear again if you paid me one hundred pound sterling a year for the sacrifice. It was not like a man's collar; therefore it was humiliating and ridiculous. It would not sit properly; it always got crumply (in which condition its appearance was unbearably untidy); and its capacity for getting dirty was extraordinary. Everyone of these Penguin boys under the adult stature of five feet four sported such a collar. To complete their disgrace, they wore, not a jacket, but a dress coat with the tails cut off. No human being could wear such a thing with dignity. It is said that in America before the Civil War of 1861, tarred and feathered men, riding on a rail in the hands of the anti-Abolitionist mobs, bore themselves heroically even at that disadvantage. In dress coats with the tails cut off, the noblest cause in the world could not have redeemed them: the very slaves they were trying to liberate must have shouted with laughter at them.

And yet the effect of leaving the tails on was worse, because nobody but a waiter wears such tails before dinner, nor even then under the age of fifty, now that the modern dinner jacket enables us to sit down to that meal without ridiculously tucking ourselves up behind first. The experiment was tried before my eyes; for here and there appeared an enormously conceited Penguin who for some inscrutable reason was not only tailed, but carried a rolled-up umbrella, turned the collar of his overcoat down, wore a jampot shirt collar, had braid on his coat, and challenged special attention by a flower in his buttonhole. These strange liberties and the air of inflation with which they were taken led me at first to suspect that the Penguin was drunk and had broken into reckless revolution. But as he was neither apprehended by the authorities nor molested by his fellow victims, who seemed rather to court his patronage, I concluded that he was an officially sanctioned example of the horrors of any attempt at depenguinization. And he certainly proved that those who make half revolutions dig their own graves. Antarctic explorers have told me that you can become accustomed to normal penguins; and I have long since become accustomed to normal human beings. But no man can become accustomed to a moulting penguin; and that it just what these young cranks looked like.

Anyhow, moulting or normal, if any Penguin boy has ever succeeded in outfacing his costume, I have never met him. The Penguin boy gets a peculiar high-shouldered slouch, and hides his hands instinctively in his pockets as if there were handcuffs on them. He knows his appearance is hopeless. And it is worse at this time than it has ever been before or will again. Compare, for example, the Bluecoat boy. His blue gown, yellow stockings, knee breeches, and hatless head is not a travesty:

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it is a genuine XVI century costume. There is nothing ridiculous about it. Early in the XVII century it must have been old-fashioned, just as the Tower beefeaters must have been old-fashioned for a while before they, too, became historical. Still, the costume was always genuine, because in the XVI century all boys did dress like that. But the Penguin costume which makes a drive through Windsor so mirthful and yet so pitiful (for nobody who remembers his own boyhood likes to see a boy made ridiculous) was never worn by boys at any time. It was deliberately invented to make the boy himself feel small with his coat tails shorn off and his child's collar, and yet to give notice to the common youth of England, known generally as "the cads," that here came the son of a person with money: one whom vulgar boys must not accost and attempt to play with, though on occasion they might, in mere envy, throw stones at him or assail him with derisive epithets, when the circumstances made such subversive conduct safe.

How do the Penguins bear it? Why do they stand it?

Mind: I do not say that there is not great convenience in a uniform. One of the enormous advantages of being a man instead of a woman is that when you are going out in the evening you never have to think of what you will wear. You have no choice; it is the regulation evening dress or nothing; if you have pawned it you must just stay at home. This saves a lot of thinking and choosing. But the same thing may be said for the dress of a convict. The same thing may be said for the life of a slave. He, too, never has to think or choose: he just does what he is told; and there is an end of it. If a slave is not too hard worked, and has enough to eat, and clothes enough to keep himself warm, he has what many people consider a very easy life. He escapes what the poet Cowper called "the intolerable fatigue of thought." There is nothing so lazy and popular as a comfortable slavery: that is why Shelley, who had a mania for liberty, and was an incorrigible thinker, was not popular at Eton.

But any fool can be a slave: in fact, every fool *is* a slave, though he may be too great a fool to know it. The great aim in life is not to find out how little you *need* do, but how much you *can* do. Liberty is the right to think and choose for oneself. What liberty costs is the trouble of thinking and choosing for oneself. He who thinks liberty worth the trouble, and actually likes the trouble, is the only really free Englishman. Now suppose the Penguin boys began thinking about their ridiculous clothes! What would come of it in the mind of the intelligent ones?

Well, it would be something like this, I imagine: 1. I don't want to be made a guy, as I am at present, and be laughed at by that beastly bounder in his motor car. 2. But I'd rather be a guy than have the bother of designing my own clothes and choosing the materials, and perhaps being laughed at by the other fellows for my pains. 3. Also, I am rather proud of being a Penguin boy; and I want to be recognized as one in the street. 4. I want to be dressed like the other fellows; so that if there is any laugh it will be on them as much as on me. 5. I don't want to look like a snob advertising my social position; and I don't want to be made to look like a child by silly coats and collars that men don't wear. 6. I don't want to go against the school: I want to stand in with the school if only the school will have some sense and recognize that the boys make the school and not old Henry VI or even the Head. 7. I think a thousand boys in the foremost files of time should count for something in the choice of their own clothes; for unless they have better taste than their elders there is no such thing as progress.

How are all these aspirations to be reconciled in practice? Clearly the boys should form a Sumptuary Committee to regulate the school dress. The committee should be elected by universal suffrage within the limits of the college; and no master should be disfranchised, not even the Head; for the Sumptuary Committee would eventually regulate the dress of the masters (some of whom dress shockingly) as well as of the boys. A tax should be levied on every voter to supply the committee with the nucleus of the necessary funds; and the committee should apply for an annual grant from the funds of the college as well. The committee should tolerate no amateur nonsense in the way of fancy designs from art-struck boys. The designing of costumes is a profession like any other profession. The fashions of the day, the uniforms, the liveries, the dresses of the actors in revues, all have to be designed before they can be made or worn. It would be the business of the committee to find out the best designers for their purpose, and pay them for working drawings of a school uniform, or of several uniforms, if it were desired to have variety and distinction between different sections or even different houses. It should criticize, modify, improve, change at intervals for the sake of novelty, taking care not to put parents to unnecessary expense in changes or to unreasonable cost in the first instance. It should regulate caps, badges, liveries, servants' dresses, so that everyone connected with the school should be visibly distinguished as such to the eye of the admiring tourist and respectful townsman. And it should be careful to allow certain individual modifications to adapt the regulations to the taste and complexion

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of the wearers of the costumes. Cæsar's soldiers were uniformly equipped and clad; but they were free to titivate themselves in various ways; and many of them, being dandies by nature, sported all sorts of gold chains and plumes and colored cloaks and so forth. It is not likely that the Penguin boy would under any circumstances make himself a Flamingo boy; but within certain limits variation ought to be encouraged; for instance, if a blond boy and a brunet boy wear collars and ties of the same color, one or other of them is pretty sure to be badly dressed. The tradition that it is unmanly to bother about colors or notice the color of your own eyes and hair should be sternly discountenanced: it is indifference to such points that is boyish in the silly sense. An eye for color is womanly; and all wise men take trouble to acquire the strong points of women, just as wise women take lessons from men. Besides, there may be women to be consulted. The Sumptuary Committee of the future will regulate not only the dress of the housemaids, but of the ladies of the master's household, who can hardly be allowed to be dowdy, or to hide their honorable connection with the school in mufti.

But individual liberty must not be abused. Black and white, being a confession of color blindness and artistic impotence, should be forbidden. The present costume should not be used even as a punishment: no boy should be degraded in that manner. Let him rather be shot, if nothing else will meet his case. Mourning should be indicated, if at all, by a violet ribbon; and boys who wish to express their rejoicing at the death of a much disliked relative, or at the birth of a brother or sister, or at the news of a successful revolution or restoration, as his sympathies might dictate, could substitute orange for violet. The undemonstrative boy could wear nothing, and explain that he was wearing ultra-violet, which is invisible.

I could suggest many other reforms; but this one will suffice for the present year. When it is accomplished the editor can call on me again. Meanwhile the moment is propitious; for khaki has broken the traditions; and the ugly Penguin one may as well share their fate.

BERNARD SHAW.

Wheat for the Allies

The Food Administration—III

A WEEK ago Lord Rhondda cabled from London that he could not assure his people they would have food enough to win the war unless we came to the rescue immediately and substantially. From the day we went into the war it has been plain that to stock the Allies with minimum rations we must send over at least twice our normal export of wheat. And it has been equally plain that the law of supply and demand had broken down.

In ordinary times the law of supply and demand does well enough to cover glaring defects. Before the war it managed to maintain for a staple like wheat an automatic price throughout the world. But the war brought a shortage of labor and a shortage of ships. One shortage cut down production, the other broke up existing means of distribution. Price stability was upset, and speculation had a wider opportunity than ever before. A small part of this speculation was deliberate and vicious. Nine-tenths of it, probably, was due to the irregular demand for wheat and flour, and the way distributors followed the speculative activity by marking up prices on their goods from month to month. To bring order into the movement of wheat, enough order to make it possible to feed the Allied world on rations, speculation had to be shut off sharply. The Food Administration took up that problem as a basic one, one of the first it had to solve.

There were three parts to its programme. It limited to thirty days the right of anyone, without the Administration's express approval, to store wheat and flour. It prohibited contracts for sale of flour more than thirty days in advance. And it requested the grain exchanges to suspend absolutely during the period of the war all trade in futures of every sort. The Administration had authority to prohibit trade in futures by fiat. It chose to make a request, and the exchanges complied. The effect of these three rulings was practically to eliminate speculation from the grain trade.

But the effect, also, was practically to eliminate all the ordinary means by which the bulk of the grain trade is financed—through the purchase and sale of futures. Government funds had to be injected to carry the movement of wheat. The Food Administration had a fund of $150,000,000 which Congress had somewhat reluctantly given it for indefinite purposes. It could, accordingly, take any part of this sum and go boldly into the business of moving wheat. But if it went in boldly, with the ordinary straight-backed bureaucratic organization, and equipped with no speedier method of trans-

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ferring credit than the routine procedure the Treasury Department supplies, its certain effect on the movement of grain would be still more completely to throw out of gear the ordinary machinery of the trade. What was needed was not an orthodox straight-backed bureaucracy, but a flexible corporation of the private business sort.

So the Food Administration—without first creating for itself an advisory commission, and then a second advisory commission for the sake of the first one, and then a board to coördinate both and direct neither, with, finally, a reorganization of the whole into something almost flexible and almost a corporation—straightway and without false starts organized the flexible business corporation that the situation demanded. Like other young war organizations it called to Washington the country's Greatest Captains of Industry and its Foremost Experts in their Chosen Fields. But unlike many other young war organizations, it gave the Foremost Experts and the Greatest Captains some heavier responsibility than giving advice to conscientious bureaucrats who were unable to accept it. It made them active responsible heads of a corporation: the Food Administration Grain Corporation—capitalized at $50,000,000, floated by the government, and organized, actively doing business, just twenty-five days after the passage of the Food Control act.

The Grain Corporation has a simple plan of operation. It acts solely as a merchant. It buys wheat at the interior terminals, then resells it to the Allies and to the millers for domestic consumption. Its unvarying "fair price" provides an emergency form of insurance for the producer, the miller, and the consumer—taking the place of the hedging insurance normally provided by speculation on the grain exchanges. And, having provided this insurance for those with whom it deals, the Grain Corporation then in effect hedges its own purchases. It has a standing promise from the Allies to purchase all the wheat it puts on the seaboard at this same fair price. The plan of operation is simple. What does it accomplish, of value to the country at war, that the system of private manipulation of the grain trade fails to accomplish?

It accomplishes the one essential result of securing a greater production of flour. And the reason is that the Grain Corporation responds to a single national interest instead of to a thousand individual competing and conflicting interests. Private manipulation had lost control of the situation. When it began its work the Grain Corporation found certain flour mills idle because for two months the domestic market had been so chaotic that the ordinary machinery of the grain trade was dislocated. Wheat and flour reserves had sunk to a danger level. Idle mills had to be started, congested mills relieved. So the Corporation did what private companies never do: it shipped its wheat not to the mill making the highest bid, but the mill serving the nearest district of consumption. That avoided back-hauling and cross-hauling. The Corporation kept country dealers posted with weekly reports, so as to fit country supplies to milling needs. It replaced competitive jostling, in the Great Lake ports, with unified direction of loading and unloading facilities. It used the terminals not as battlegrounds for antagonistic individual interests, but as the instruments by which a spare stock was to be manipulated directly in opposition to antagonistic individual interests.

How do we know that this new unified, national-minded method accomplishes more, in the way of producing flour, than the earlier individualized, profit-minded method it supplanted? We know, not from any paper speculation as to what would have happened if only the railways hadn't gone to pot. We know from what has happened in spite of the fact that the railways did go spectacularly to pot. The receipts of wheat for this crop year at interior primary markets were hardly more than fifty per cent of last year's receipts for the same period. Half as much wheat at the interior markets—yet the flour production of the country since the Grain Corporation set up shop not only equaled the production of the same period, last year, but actually exceeded it—exceeded it by from fifteen to twenty per cent. That is what the unit control of a flexible organization has been able to do.

But the Food Administration does not stop with the work of furnishing wheat to the mills. Its control of wheat is not only a unified control. It is also an exhaustive control. It reaches from the wheat standing in the fields to the bread ready for delivery to the consumer. Imagine a procurement agency in the war organization that not only "ordered" cannon, but actually went out and assumed directorship over the iron supply of the country, and apportioned it around among the handiest and the least busy mills, and then—when the iron had become steel—allotted this proper proportionate amount to this shipyard and that proper proportionate amount to that munitions works, and, finally, undertook to assure the actual delivery of the finished product to the armies in the field. Such work as this would be genuine "procurement." No branch of the war organization does that with steel. But it is what the Food Administration does with wheat. We find, in the Administration, a Milling Division, to make certain that the delivered wheat will be turned into flour with as little waste as unified and scientific control permit; and in the

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next stage, a Wholesale and Retail Division, to keep the manufactured flour moving to bakeries and homes in a direct line, without any of the generous detours it normally makes at the invitation of a high bid; and, finally, a Baking Division to urge and enforce conservation in the last stage of "procurement."

Lord Rhondda cables that he cannot assure his people they will have food enough to win the war unless we come to the rescue immediately and substantially. If we are ready to sacrifice our individual wastefulness and perhaps some comfort, we have at hand the machinery to turn our savings directly into an Allied asset. It is the machinery of a thorough and responsible organization. It was created without loss of time; it has never had to be mended; it carries wheat through every stage of production. It is a foresighted American action that has helped the Allies stave off a disastrous peace months ago.

CHARLES MERZ.

Filching the Pennies of the Poor

THROUGH the dingy panes of glass of a newspaper booth under an L station I catch a daily glimpse of the most miserable figure of a woman. Her head and bodice are done up in a thin-worn shawl, into which her bony arms also retire when they are not reaching from under the raised sash for the pennies dropped by passing customers. Her wrinkled face is blue with cold, but her small brown eyes are bright and restless, like those of a partridge in its nest. As I pick up a paper, she surveys me suspiciously, as if she thought I might fail to leave the pennies due. And I have caught her eye darting swiftly over the pennies left by earlier customers, apparently to make sure that their number is not diminished by my presence. To this sharp faced daughter of Jugoslavia or the Ukraine, I look like a man capable of filching the pennies of the poor.

It might be irritating if it weren't so absurd. But wait; it is not necessarily so absurd after all. I am but an individual cell of this great moral organism the United States of America and the nation is but the unity constituted out of average individuals like me. And if the nation is engaged at this very moment of time in filching the pennies of the poor, while I look on complacently and share the plunder, what becomes of my pretence of moral integrity? The old woman under the L station gains nothing by watching me; I steal pennies only institutionally. But her air of suspicion is justified.

You and I, no matter how upright and respectable we consider ourselves, are engaged in an enterprise of theft, as safe and cheap as filching the pennies from a news-seller's stand. To this conclusion you will be driven, as I have been, if you will glance through Professor Kemmerer's excellent little book on Postal Savings, published by the Princeton University Press. It is only fair to the scholarly author to say that while the facts I am reporting are his, the moral inferences are mine.

The first fact to be noted is that the postal savings banks are not only the banks of the poor, but they are the banks of the foreign born poor. Seventy-one per cent of the deposits are made by the foreign born, forty-three per cent by Russians, Italians and "Austrians" (i.e., Czecho-Slovaks and Jugoslavs). These are the poorest, most cruelly hunted, of the independent poor. Picture them stealing anxiously to the postal savings windows with handfuls of coin, tarnished and mouldy, extracted from uneasy hiding places in cellars or dark closets, and you will have a ray of light on the character of the postal savings business.

In return for these savings, the government gives a certificate entitling the holder to the return of his money on demand (with reservations) and interest at two per cent per annum. If the money is withdrawn before the close of the year, no interest is allowed. If the deposit remains year after year, no compound interest is allowed. The funds that the government receives from the depositors are turned over to the commercial banks, which pay two and one-half per cent interest on average daily balances. This means that if a depositor withdraws his money after six months, he gets no interest at all, but the government has received interest for the six months. If the government had paid two per cent on all the postal savings money for which it received two and one-half per cent, the depositors would have received in 1916, $1,516,000 instead of $964,000. By this little device of withholding interest on deposits of less than a year, we manage each year to filch some fifty-five million pennies from the poor.

But suppose that we paid the poor their full two per cent; how does it come that this is all we pay them on the money they lend us, while we pay the rich four per cent and call them patriots besides? This is another story. Let us recall that for forty years social reformers cried in vain for postal savings banks. The poor needed them; the country needed to encourage thrift among the poor. There was no risk, no question of governmental ability to manage the business properly. But there was grave danger that if the government offered a secure depository for savings, the poor would not entrust their painfully won pennies to the mutual and joint stock banks, which were sound enough for anyone

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not hovering over the line of destitution, but not for the poor. Here was a plain case of a pathetic need of the very poor in conflict with a minor business interest of the rich. We now have postal savings banks, and one might suppose that the need of the poor triumphed in the end. But this would be to ignore the essential facts.

We did not get a postal savings system until we had devised a plan by which the ordinary banking institutions could not lose business to the postal savings banks, but would rather gain business by them. This means, first that we had to make the interest rate so low that the postal savings bank would compete with nothing but cellar and closet hoards; second, a limitation upon the amount that might be deposited by any individual to $500 at first, now to $1,000; and third, the redeposit in local commercial banks of the postal savings funds at a trifling advance over the rate the government pays. Even so it was difficult to educate the bankers to an acceptance of the postal savings system, but now, after a few years' trial, they are enthusiastically in favor of it, and will remain in favor of it so long as it pays two per cent.

But now, when the government is borrowing money at four per cent, it could pay three and one-half per cent to postal savings depositors. If the commercial banks can not pay enough on deposits to justify this rate, the government can invest them in Liberty Bonds. There is no doubt that this would be a perfectly sound policy, from the financial point of view. There is no doubt that it would stimulate thrift, and who is there among our national leaders who does not celebrate the virtue of thrift? There is no doubt that it would subserve the interests of justice. The poor man's money is worth three and one-half per cent. If we pay him less we are robbing him of his private property rights. But if we give him a square deal the banks might suffer from a withdrawal of small deposits. Well, the bankers as a class pride themselves upon their reputation for probity. They enjoy a position of great dignity in the general estimation. And if they would for a moment look beyond the abstractions of business to the real facts of life, they might be expected to demand that the postal savings law be amended to give to the poor what is their just due, even under the bankers' own system of business morality. They would lose a certain amount of business, but they would surely accept any loss rather than continue under a system in which they are virtually filching millions of tarnished pennies from just such persons as that thin faced, sharp eyed Slavic woman, anxiously watching her papers and coins through the dim panes of the miserable booth under the L stairway.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Sargent's Rockefeller

AT KNOEDLER'S

IN the older masters we follow the light on the donor's face to its source, to the Sacred Person of whom the donor has something to ask, with joined hands. Sargent, who paints what he sees, the harvest of an exact eye being the only one he cares to gather, shows us the marks which old thoughts and wishes and hopes have made on the aged lighted face, and which a new hope is making. Not the substance of the hope, not the source of the light.

This modern donor does not pray. His prayers have been answered. He has said goodbye to a long lifework. He is almost at peace. Perhaps a habit of getting what he wanted out of this world has given him a certain confidence in the next. In the light of this confidence he is sitting, mildly hopeful, almost serene in the certitude that no donor in old times ever gave so much. In the bending of the shoulders, and in the instinctive purpose of the folded arms to protect the body against a chill in his own nature, or against the enmity of a world he has vanquished, there is something furtive. A touch, no more, and a yet lighter touch of the same on his face, as if he still remembered a furtiveness the need of which has gone. His way may have been devious, and except for strength of mind and will somewhat inglorious, but it was his own way, and a sense of sanctity has attended him.

Mild, righteous, with the gentlest hint of faded slyness, he has dignity and distinction and power to move us. There is pathos in the contrast between energies that once ran so high and this lighted head of an old man, with its faith in something. There is pathos in the contrast between this bodily feebleness of age and the physical force, youthful by its freshness of vision and its certainty of hand, in the actual painting.

As your eye goes over the canvas, you feel as if Sargent's mastery were yours, and you are exhilarated. That is one reason why people breathe so deep and free when they look at this picture. Sargent lends us his power to see beauty where we could not. These trousers and this coat were uninteresting stuffs until Sargent saw them in his own way, until he painted them with such a mastery of drapery and surface that now they take their place beside those furs and old brocades that the donors wear in the old pictures. And the donor backgrounds, landscapes and little towns of loveliness, could he have given a place beside these to a country house near Cleveland? He could. Is the drapery across the knees of the Victory of Samothrace composed with greater beauty than the folds of Mr. Rockefeller's trousers?

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CORRESPONDENCE

An Author Protests

SIR: With the influence, and consequent responsibilities, of newspapers and reviews it may be maintained that errors in the statement of facts—even though of no great importance personal or impersonal—are never to be allowed to be disseminated. I may carry this conviction to pedantic excess when I ask permission to rectify several of these errors concerning matter, which, though episodical in relation to the book as a whole, occupy most of the space allotted your review of Aristodemocracy.

1. What is said in the book on the effect of political decentralization on the older Germany refers entirely to the establishment and spread of German culture in its ethical, social, intellectual and industrial bearings—not to the political or constitutional aspect of the German Empire itself. On this latter question it is not impossible that H. J. L. and I may be in agreement. In so far he has not shown that I "make serious mistakes."

2. As to Treitschke's influence on modern Germany. This is a question of fact. But, until I have fuller grounds, I cannot assume that H. J. L. is better qualified than myself to judge of this. Like him, several authorities in Germany have endeavored to minimize Treitschke's influence with equal futility. This influence is not based solely upon his Politik; but upon the totality of his books and his contribution to the Preussische Jahrbücher and—perhaps above all—upon his influence as a teacher of generations of historians and politicians, as well as schoolmasters who attended his lectures by the thousands, through all of whom his "Germanic Idea" and his conception of the state frittered through the whole population and, no doubt with other influences as well, established the modern theory and practice which has shown itself in the climax of this war.

Your reviewer may or may not be right in his analogy between Treitschke as an historian and Macaulay. But that does not affect the truth of the statement that the writing and teaching of history in the spirit of "publicistic" and national or international partisanship is destructive of the truly scientific spirit and method of that study, as it is, to a considerable degree, accountable for much of the mentality of all modern nations reared on schoolbooks with "patriotic" purpose which has made the present world-catastrophe possible.

3. In several numbers of the New Republic there have been interesting discussions concerning American university education. It may therefore not be amiss if I enter shortly on this question in connection with one of the unfounded strictures in H. J. L.'s review of my book. When he endeavors to identify my views on the United States with those of Mr. Lowes Dickinson or maintains that I wish to uphold the standards of Oxford and Cambridge against the rest of the academic world, he is singularly in error. I quoted in full a passage from an essay by that author, not only for its beauty of style; but because, with the passages quoted from Cardinal Newman, Bergson, and from one of my own previous writings, it illustrated one definite point—and only one—concerning the "social" ethics, within the wider code of morals, which the book claims ought to be brought up to date and formulated anew. That I do not agree with Dickinson's generalizations and strictures on American life as a whole ought to have become clear to your reviewer by turning to p. 305 of my book. I cannot here refrain from adding that, especially concerning this war, I find myself emphatically—if not passionately—at variance with that brilliant and supremely honest writer. Mr. H. J. L. is completely in error if he ascribes to me the purpose of holding up the direct and supreme aim of "culture" in the university education of Oxford and Cambridge to be followed by the rest of the world. If he will turn to p. 297 of my book he will find that I subdivide the objects of university education into two main divisions, the *impersonal* (pure science and research) and *personal* (to which the direct infusion of culture among the students belongs); and that I give primacy to the impersonal aims. If further he sets any store by the verification of my own views on this important question, I might be allowed to refer him, among other publications, to an article on the Ideal of a University in the North American Review (September, 1903—the first of an incompleted series of three); to some passages (including Appendix on pp. 126 *seq.*) on the wider issues in the Study of Art in Universities, Harper Bros., 1896); and to a more occult article on Educational Reform (Journal of Education, Times, 1916). It may also be pertinent to state that, for the last thirty-eight years, after the "New Statutes" were introduced, I have been a humble unit among a large body of sincere and enthusiastic academic workers at Oxford and Cambridge, who, while striving to retain all that is good in the methods, teaching, traditions and government of the older English universities, have strenuously and successfully struggled for reform in which, to a considerable degree, elements active in the universities of Germany have been adopted and assimilated. I may also claim not to be wholly unacquainted with American universities; for, not only as an undergraduate in one of them, but as an occasional lecturer in most of them in the east, I have entered into their life for a shorter or longer period from Cambridge to Baltimore and as far west as Madison. May I, therefore, be allowed to express the hope that, without undue interference with the natural evolution out of the national and social life of the country itself, and without inorganic and artificial eclecticism, the American universities will more and more develop in a direction, both in the system of academic self-government as well as in their methods of research and teachings, in avoiding the faults of European universities while assimilating their qualities.

Your reviewer has certainly grasped one of the central, the leading ideas of the book, which rests upon the conviction that the fundamental moral cause of this war is to be found in the contradiction between our true moral professions and our private and national action, and that our true moral convictions have not been clearly and adequately formulated and effectively infused into the life of the modern nations. Though I, no doubt, do assign great practical importance to the lucid and universally intelligible codification of these modern morals, to supersede the inadequate and antiquated "catechismal" ethics, and to the effective teaching of such civics and ethics to the young of all nations, who are either imperfectly taught or not instructed at all now, he is again in error if he thinks that I attach too much direct practical influence or effect to any theoretical exposition, fine writing or deep and sincere philosophy. If he will turn to the Epilogue at the end of my essay he will realize that I am far from overestimating the effectiveness of any such theoretical effort.

The true meaning of the whole book will perhaps be made clearer and strikingly illustrated by weighing fully the import and world-stirring influence of the entrance of the United States into the world conflict and the monumentally eloquent words in which President Wilson has

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proclaimed the motives and aims of this greatest national deed of the American people. "We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquests and no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves and no material compensation for sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind, and shall be satisfied when these rights are as secure as fact and the freedom of nations can make them." This fact and its pronouncement will have its effect not only in the prosecution of the war and the conditions of final peace; but in itself it bridges over the previously gaping gulf between our moral ideals and our national actions, and so marks the greatest step in history in the evolution of national and international morality and life for the whole world.

CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

[Note: I should be sorry indeed if any remarks of mine in any degree misrepresented the attitude of Sir Charles Waldstein. Much of his comment seems to me too much a matter of controversial opinion for it to be wise for me to discuss it. But there are one or two statements in his letter upon which a word may be useful.

(1) If Sir Charles agrees that political decentralization in Germany is not real then certainly my review brought out a point upon which a careful reading had left me in obscurity. If he thinks that intellectual decentralization is harmful, I can only say that I think the experience of history against him. In modern France, for instance, it is all to the good that Esmein should teach one theory of law at Paris, Duguit an antithetic theory at Bordeaux, and Geny a theory irreconcilable with either at Nancy. I take it that it is generally admitted that the great period of German scholarship is the period before 1870 when uniformity of intellectual outlook had not been admitted as an ideal.

(2) The influence of Treitschke on modern Germany is, as Sir Charles rightly says, a fact. I of course freely admit that on this, as on every question, Sir Charles is better qualified to speak than myself. It is, however, also a fact (a) that his History has had a singularly small circulation; (b) that the Politik is too expensive a book ever to be popular; (c) that the Preussische Jahrbücher has the kind of circulation that the Edinburgh and the Quarterly Review have in England. The point merely is that Treitschke is effect and not cause. He represents the ideas of the German governing class; but he did not create them and far greater men than he are responsible for their acceptance.

(3) I think with Sir Charles that history ought not to be written with a national or international bias constrained by the will into the facts. But that is different from the historian using his facts to illustrate what he conceives to be truth. Any other history would be naked chronology. The mere presence of the human equation makes the writing of "scientific" history, in the sense that we speak of "scientific" mathematics, impossible.

(4) As to his remarks on university education, Sir Charles has misunderstood the point of my criticism. An Oxford man like myself does not need to be convinced of the superiority of Oxford to any other university. I simply asserted their uniqueness and urged that the true basis of comparison is to equate American universities with the English provincial universities. I do not think they suffer by the comparison.

(5) I am sorry that I misinterpreted the emphasis Sir Charles would give to Mr. Lowes Dickinson's remarks. It is perhaps an unusual custom to quote a writer with whom you disagree in order to illustrate the beauty of his style. People will read Sir Charles's text who neglect his footnotes and I think that the quotation is from that standpoint unfortunate.

(6) As to the fundamental theme of Sir Charles Waldstein's book I can only reiterate my conviction that useful work in politics can only be achieved by emphasis on the functional aspects of ideas and institutions and not upon the pretensions they may make. I gladly affirm again my belief that his book has many useful dicta and wise aphorisms and is permeated throughout by a fine idealism. But it still seems to me a striking example of the way in which politics should not be studied.—H. J. L.]

Criticizing the Administration

SIR: After taking your magazine for about two years, and admiring it greatly, a few weeks ago I sent subscription renewal. I am already beginning to wish I hadn't.

I have always felt that the paper was a trifle cocksure, and somewhat addicted to "wisdom after the event," but these things were far overbalanced by its keenness of insight. The last few issues have gone so far in their attacks on the administration that I wish I had not renewed—if this attitude continues. Mr. Hard's articles set the tune and the editorials sing to it, or perhaps it is the other way around. Either way comes to the same thing in the end, viz., what seems to me an unfair emphasis on obvious mistakes, which seem large when viewed by themselves, but when placed among the successful events of which they are a part are far less spectacular. A case of text without context, as it were.

Especially does Mr. Hard's latest article (issue of January 26th) leave a bad taste. "Pursuing Mr. Baker" is undoubtedly an appropriate title for both the matter written and the apparent attitude of the writer. He seems to consider Mr. Baker as a kind of rabbit, which is always considered fair prey for the hounds, which Mr. Hard's title would seem implicitly to admit that he has joined. It is always a matter of regret, it seems to me, when a paper of the intellectual standing of the New Republic carries matter which tends to bring it down to the level of that Billy Sunday of politics, T. R.

In the same issue, your repeated and cool assumption that the opinion of the paper is that of the American people strikes me as somewhat fantastic. Your apparent demand for supermen in government, and your implication that they can be had, also seems rather fanciful. Your seeming desire and readiness to reconstruct our people into a great machine, each individual becoming a cog, to revolve at the touch of a higher hand, seems repulsive to me. Is not such a philosophy driving us toward the very condition of psychology which we deprecate in our enemies' countries, viz., making a god of material efficiency? I think that our people believe that there are worse evils than inefficiency, and perfect mechanical efficiency in a machine made of men and women is one of them. They have the instinctive feeling that the efficiency you clamor for is the foe of liberty and democracy. Germany is their blazing example. The Germans might have had democracy—they preferred efficiency. To me it seems demonstrably true, what you would probably deny, that to organize a nation as one vast machine, even supposing the machine to be endowed with noble purpose—for some other people—is to overthrow in that nation the very freedom for which we hope this war is being waged.

Does it not strike you that the cleavage is beginning to appear between Mr. Wilson's war aims—which we hope

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are the nation's as I am sure they are the New Republic's—and those of the almost impregnably intrenched forces of imperialism in this country? The trend can, it seems to me, be seen in the newspaper utterances of the great business leaders of the nation, together with the reports of their doings. I would gather that most of them have, more or less vaguely, perhaps, the glowing, golden vision of an America organized to the last minute detail, as a great commercial machine to dominate world trade after the war, and to make that dominance look real to her sister nations she is to have a great and self-renewing military establishment, with a mighty navy to control trade routes. In other words, it seems to me that our big business has almost the same dream and desire as the German junkers, done into an American edition. I do not mean that there is any definite scheme to bring about such a condition, but the trend seems to be that way. Is there not some reason for believing that the recent attack on the War Department derived most of its vitality from disgruntled corporations who have a vague feeling of uneasiness when they see that when Mr. Wilson says he wants a democratic peace he means it, for America as well as for Europe, and who have for a specific resentment Mr. Baker's attitude toward their own relations with labor? Proof may be lacking, possibly will always be, but men are largely what their interests make them, and may we not trust imperialism everywhere to run true to form?

C. L. VESTAL.

Chicago, Illinois.

From the Christian Endeavor Society

SIR: I have long been a reader and an admirer of the New Republic. I particularly like your attitude on questions of war and peace, but I received a severe shock from your issue of January 26th in reading the exceedingly irreverent article concerning an imaginary conversation between Jehovah, Mephistopheles, and the Kaiser.

I have never read anything more blasphemous in the works of the rankest atheists.

If the New Republic wishes to keep the regard of people who have respect for God, religion and sacred things it surely will not publish another such article.

Your editorials I always enjoy. They seem to me fair and just and well reasoned.

FRANCIS E. CLARK.

Boston, Massachusetts.

France and the League of Nations

SIR: I wonder if the following extract from a letter from a member of the French Senate may not be of interest to you in connection with the editorial on France and the League of Nations, which appeared in the New Republic for January 5th:

"Who would have said three years ago when in derision of our efforts the war broke out, that today, before it is ended, the French government would officially create, doubtless in agreement with its allies, a commission for the study of the conditions under which a League of Nations might be established? Nevertheless this is the phenomenon which actually exists today, and of which I have the good fortune to tell you. And the most astonishing thing of all is that the formation of this commission is due to M. Ribot, who certainly did not share our views three years ago. He has been won over by the tragic lessons of the war, as has President Wilson, to whose generous appeal this step is an answer."

Surely the appointment of an official committee under the Minister of Foreign Affairs to make a study of this problem shows that the French government takes more than "a platonic interest in plans for world organization after the war."

M. C. A.

New York City.

The Multi-family Dwelling

SIR: That there is a housing shortage is becoming very obvious; that we should have adequate government aid to fill the void is to be hoped, but unless we offer types of houses that appeal to us there will be a reluctance to begin upon anything. In the last few months we have heard England held up as an example for American imitation. I assume that we are to imitate the machinery for appropriating and spending the necessary money. Surely we are not supposed to imitate the types of homes illustrated. If that is our view, we are running with our brakes on.

We should look into the west for inspiration. Only a few years ago when New York had horse cars and London had horse buses, the west had electric, up-to-date street transportation. English country life and English cottages have been charming for the leisure class. The masses have been numbed to accept what was provided. Servants used to be cheap and numerous, and in the less fortunate classes the masses accepted what there was. But that has not been good training for the architect or builder for efficiency or economy. America has produced the most unique home known to the world for rich and poor, the multi-family dwelling. It has been brought to its present state of perfection by simply catering to an intelligent demand.

We are wasting time and effort and befogging our leaders in industry when we search across the waters for types of houses; we have them right here.

HENRY ATTERBURY SMITH.

New York City.

The Negro in Patriotic Service

SIR: The interesting communication in the New Republic for January 19th from William H. Baldwin, Jr., chronicles an important step in our handling of the Negro problem. It is a timely beginning and should hearten those of us who are interested in seeing democracy make good here at home.

May I suggest to Mr. Baldwin and the National League on Urban Conditions among Negroes that they inquire into the kind of relationship existing between state divisions of the Council of National Defense and the Negro race in the southern states. Is there representation for the Negro people on these state bodies, which have been appointed to help make the world safe for democracy? Has any comprehensive program been made to organize the Negro men and women in patriotic service similar to the state, county, and town organization among the whites? Isn't this an excellent place to begin for a just and democratic treatment and solution of this race problem?

R. L.

Alabama.

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At the Capitol

If Congress were Investigated

PURSUANT to its order of the preceding day, the War Department's Committee for a Return Investigation Into Congress and Its Conduct of the War met at eleven thirty. Committee called to order by its chairman, General Wallace. Witness of the day, Senator Whipple. Transcript of Senator Whipple's testimony as follows:

The CHAIRMAN: You remember that when we adjourned yesterday, Senator, you had completed your criticism of the way this country was prepared for the war, and we were about to fix the responsibility for the delays, that have recently been revealed.

Mr. WHIPPLE: I thought we had agreed where the responsibility lay? I speak frankly, General, because I conceive frank speaking to be the duty of a patriot in this hour. Where can the responsibility lie—all of it—except in your Department? When war came, we in Congress gave your Department money—men and money, all you wanted of both. And no strings on them, either. Isn't that correct?

The CHAIRMAN: It is. But, Senator, had you given us a plan?

Mr. WHIPPLE: A plan? We gave you men and money. And no strings on them.

The CHAIRMAN: But shouldn't we have had, years ago, a regular army establishment that was capable of being rapidly expanded? You remember that we asked you gentlemen in Congress for a body of trained reservists who could quickly be incorporated into existing army units. Wasn't it the business of Congress to supply such a plan as that?

Mr. WHIPPLE: Surely, General, there you are hoist by your own petard. Your suggestion implies that you would actually have favored abolishing the National Guard because, considered purely in a military sense, it wasn't of much use. That may be all right in theory, but we can't be academic about a thing like the National Guard. The National Guard, let me tell you, General, is an institution that is close to the hearts of the American people. I can't tell you how many of my most important constituents are majors and so on.

The CHAIRMAN: If we couldn't have been forehanded about men, perhaps we could at least have been forehanded about equipment. Shouldn't you men in Congress have appropriated money for machinery—so, if war came, the War Department could immediately begin the manufacture of guns and supplies on a large scale?

Mr. WHIPPLE: We did furnish you with one such factory, General. A nitrate plant. I will admit that we debated several years before we did anything about it. But army plans always develop slowly, and it doesn't do to be impatient about them. Personally, I wish we had postponed the matter even further. This nitrate plant, in my opinion, is a wedge for the entrance of government ownership. And government ownership brings paternalism. And paternalism brings militarism. And there you have it. Read Nietzsche. Read this fellow, what's his name, Harden. You military men only get one angle of a thing.

The CHAIRMAN: Suppose, for the reason you've given, it was out of the question for the United States to have a military organization that could easily be expanded—either as to officers or as to equipment. Don't you think that made it all the more necessary for you Congressmen to give us a General Staff that had power, genuine power of administration? You made a ruling, you know—I have it here and I'll read it—"The General Staff shall not be permitted to assume or engage in work of an administrative nature."

Mr. WHIPPLE: That was our ruling. And I'll give you the reason for it. This General Staff of yours was growing too independent—beginning actually to take the initiative in army matters. So we forbade it to have any administrative powers. And what was the result? As the army organization is constituted by us, and tolerated by your chiefs, one officer has to do the planning, and another officer has to do the ordering, and a third officer has to do the executing, and about a dozen other officers have to approve every little bit of every little business before it can be acted upon. That is safety, General. Safety from autocracy. What *we* object to—we Congressmen—is the red tape you fellows have created for yourselves.

The CHAIRMAN: May I ask one other question—not about the General Staff officers, but about officers of the line. You realize how necessary it is for an army to have officers trained in the handling of men?

Mr. WHIPPLE: I do. And for that very reason we gave you a large number of expensive army posts.

The CHAIRMAN: Wasn't it too large a number? There are a hundred and sixty-nine army posts. Didn't that break up our small standing army into so many units that no officer had proper training in handling large bodies of men? Wasn't a hundred and sixty-nine too many?

Mr. WHIPPLE: Too many? A hundred and sixty-nine? I don't know. Army posts are popular, General, and you must remember there are more than twice that many Congressional districts.

The CHAIRMAN: I agree to that, Senator. But wouldn't we have been better protected if we'd had fewer army posts? In that case, we could have given more of our officers thorough training—and we could have used the posts as real reserves for concentrating equipment and supplies and machine tools. Wouldn't that have put us in better shape for the present crisis?

Mr. WHIPPLE: No, General, it would not have. And I'll tell you why. You military men don't seem to realize that morale is as important as reserve supplies and well trained officers. And these military posts, scattered bountifully through the country—one for this Congressional district and one for that—focused the interest of the people on their national government—and that is what strengthens morale. You have no idea how much it adds to an individual Congressman's prestige to secure one of these posts for this district.

The CHAIRMAN: I think we have no other questions at this time, Senator. We are grateful for your explanations.

Mr. WHIPPLE: It has been a welcome opportunity. Before I go, I want, once more, to be sure we have this thing straight. As I understand it, you admit that last spring Congress provided you with all the money you needed? And all the men? And no strings?

The CHAIRMAN: That is right, Senator.

Mr. WHIPPLE: Thank you. I wanted to be sure that we agreed in fixing the entire responsibility for this unfortunate and regrettable delay in our war plans. But let me assure you that you need expect no intolerant criticism on my part. This is not a time for intolerant criticism. It is a time to forgive and forget. It is a time for all good Americans to stand shoulder to shoulder. Thank you, gentlemen.

C. M.

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After the Play

INDIVIDUAL by individual, are the actresses and actors who make up Jacques Copeau's company more highly gifted than the members of any other company I have seen, in New York or London or Paris? They are not. The words in an immortal sentence, which lives in your memory and lights the fires of your imagination, may be no better when taken one at a time than what you find in good everyday prose. What gives them immortality is the mind they express, the shaping spirit which arranged them so that they express so much more than mere mind.

Likewise with Copeau's company. I have seen players who in my opinion had a richer and above all a stranger talent for acting than anybody at the Vieux Colombier. None of the Vieux Colombier players speaks French after a fashion which gives my ignorant ear such pleasure as it has gained from listening to a dozen men and women on the stage in Paris, all of whom were easier for me to understand. For the cameo-cutting lips, for the haunting and disquieting and eye-and-ear-compelling personalities, you must not apply at 65 West 35th Street.

None the less is it true, all the more is it true, that I am getting more pleasure out of the Vieux Colombier performances than out of any others I can remember. The obvious explanation is that Copeau's aim is, in general, to give his audiences all the pleasure which the theatre can give, and that his means are intelligence of a high order, an artist's sensitiveness, an artist's instinct for making the parts serve the whole, a natural leader's ability to inspire his company with his desire to do their utmost toward reaching the goal he has shown them, the total effect which pleases, at one and the same moment, the playgoer's eye and mind and ear.

On my way to the Vieux Colombier, a few nights ago, I fell to wondering how anybody could ever have hoped to make a play out of The Brothers Karamazov, that book which Dostoievsky died without finishing, which in its unfinished state is nevertheless so huge, and of which the centre of interest shifts from Dmitri Karamazov to Ivan, and would have shifted again from Ivan to the youngest brother, Aliocha, had Dostoievsky lived to execute his tremendous design.

For a few minutes after the curtain went up this curiosity survived. Then it was displaced by a deeper feeling. I forgot the playwrights, Jacques Copeau and Jean Croue, I forgot that what I was hearing and seeing had ever been a novel, forgot that it was now a play. Above all I forgot the one question which in advance had provoked my sharpest interest—what substitute can the stage have to offer for those moments when Dostoievsky brings us nearest his tortured creatures, when they are alone with their writhing despair, when consciousness is a stream of molten agony, when every drop in the stream, every moment in conciousness, eats into the soul and brands it with ruin?

This question, once The Brothers Karamazov had begun to happen, would have seemed irrelevant and petty. You would as soon have thought of presenting an examination paper to an active volcano.

Far behind us were the lawns and flower-beds and clipped hedges of everyday life. These men and women suffer in a new savage world, where good and evil, growing wild toward the sky under stormy light, take violent colors and wrenched shapes. In these sick souls the tides of life run with such tumult and rise so high that their sickness itself is but one aspect of their vitality. They burn their lives out with an intensity beyond the reach of our experience and yet faithful to the Nature which we know and they dwarf. Here are souls enigmatic although stripped naked, giants who are condemned themselves to build the unescapable reefs where they dash themselves away. Now they beat their heads against the walls of the world, their prison; and now, at liberty again, they rush headlong toward the abruptest precipice, they seek the most treacherous quicksand.

The pity of it, we say, the pity of such a waste of fine high violent things. Yet pity is in danger of being drowned in awe before the spectacle of such reckless force. The waste is colossal, yet not so great as its cause, the vitality which makes these sick souls more alive in their sickness than we in our health, la vie malsaine et abondante qui déborde.

And then come moments when these tormented giants show us things that affect us like a quiet space of sky, seen beyond smokiest calamitous sunset clouds, and leaving a memory. Such moments come to Dmitri, in his long vigil at the inn, such a moment comes even to old Karamazov, when he sits at table opposite Ivan, the son who hates him with a hatred no fire can consume, no waters quench. "Dieu existe-il ou non?" Karamazov asks Ivan, and says in explanation, sudden and touching against the background of his drunken gluttony, "j'ai besoin de le savoir, mon fils." Suddenly the gale of lusts and passions is laid, and we hear a music from the childlike innocent heart of this greedy and malign old man.

Of course, the best praise one can give the performance of The Brothers Karamazov at the Vieux Colombier is merely to say that here is the place to go if you want to see the art of stage direction at its highest. For this art includes all the other arts of the theatre. Each of the players, excepting M. Jean Sarment, who turns toward us as Aliocha a face that is merely immobile and kind, quite without illumination, is a superb portrait, yet all the pictorial expressiveness of these portraits, and all the strange beauty and significance of the stage settings, serve to deepen the emotional impression left by the play. What imagination in the artist who can thus enchant our eyes, and still keep all this rich and colored loveliness in its place as a means to his larger purpose! What genius in the placing of that staircase, which Karamazov and Ivan and Smerdiakov go fatefully up and down, until it acquires a life of its own, and fills our minds with its portent!

I should think painters would lose their heads upon seeing Madame Lucienne Bogaert, and M. Louis Jouvet as old Karamazov, and the Smerdiakov of M. François Gournac. When I think of M. Gournac, unforgettably sinister, and of M. Jouvet, unforgettably colored, I take back my assertion that disquieting and haunting personalities are not included in M. Copeau's company. But being artists, as well as personalities, they make their parts parts of the whole.

If you care to see this French company at the extremes of its versatility, go both to The Brothers Karamazov and to La Surprise de l'Amour. Marivaux's play is an airy bridge thrown across the wide, wide space between the beginning of its first act and the end of its third, and almost filling this space. He has made his play out of sharp little insights and light psychologic justice. His men and women still obey the conventions of a Columbine and Harlequin world, yet their feelings and self-deceptions, freshly seen by the dramatist, are those of all human beings who succumb reluctantly to love. The play has the grace of something swayed by the wind, the prettiness of something that decorates a wall.

Q. K.

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William James as Moralist

Selected Papers in Philosophy, by William James. Everyman's Library. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cents.

WAS William James a radical moralist? This is the question that I wish Mr. Bakewell had tried to answer in his admirable introduction to these reprinted essays. Mr. Bakewell speaks truly when he speaks of James's radiant and liberating personality. He is right when he says, "perhaps the chief reason for the popularity of James's philosophy is the sense of freedom it brings with it." But there is a vagueness about the phrase, "these old absolutisms go with the old order of things, James is an interpreter of the new order of democracy. . . . James was a firm believer in democracy." Does Mr. Bakewell mean Elihu Root democracy or I. W. W. democracy? How is the freedom inspired by William James to be measured? To "insure for the citizens of a free land the fruits of circulation—more air, more refinement, and a more liberal perspective"—that is an exceedingly vague phrase, and is not at all domesticated by brave words about "the prosaic world of dust and dirt and brute fact." The "sweat and dirt" of William James (already ennobled to "dust and dirt" by Mr. Bakewell) was obnoxious to any number of polite thinkers in the heyday of pragmatism. How much it was the sweat and dirt of real existence, how much the sweat and dirt of athletics, is the question that I should like to see answered.

The reading of these twelve reprinted essays does not settle the quandary. It often renews one's wonder as to what William James really means. Of course he refused to be a philosophical bigwig, and that contempt for professional solemnity is a constantly refreshing characteristic. Nothing is so hopeful as his remembrance of laymen and unprofessional living people in the thick of the specialist academic thinking. It gives one an assurance that in any close corporation, whether of shekels or ideals, there may always be the irruption of a free-feeling man. A receptivity that went so far as to be hospitable to Ralph Waldo Trine might alarm almost anyone, but William James had a simplicity about other personalities that reminds one of William Blake and all men of stark genius. He could be as irresponsible as God. This is only one of his great traits. He sent forth flashes of illumination over vast maps of dry fact, and revealed their gist in a paragraph. He read at a glance the single significance of many a laborious career. He had what he called the "dramatic temperament" and it kept him from killing a subject in order to examine it more serenely. He respected intellectual exercise but he could not eliminate the factor of life. Just as the impressionists wanted to preserve atmosphere in painting, and the cubists to preserve movement—no matter how the game of painting had to be re-learned so that the atmosphere and movement could be captured—so William James strove to retain the perambulatory element in philosophy, taking his easel to the scene of animation rather than painting from a stuffed-shirt. The stuffed-shirt philosophers resented this innovation, if it is an innovation. They had brought life to the studio and the habit stuck to them and they declined to recognize the genuine mobile article when they saw it. Mobility, from their viewpoint, was a breach of decorum. The surprise of pragmatism was the acrimony with which these high-grade philosophic undertakers and embalmers assaulted William James.

But though he was undoubtedly a radical in insisting that philosophy should adopt a method that would pay regard to mobility, the position he took on morals in books like The Will to Believe raises a doubt as to the extent of his radicalism.

In the essay called The Sentiment of Rationality James talks on page 158 of "the subjectivist in morals" on the principle that "scepticism in moral matters is an active ally of immorality." This puzzles me. It puzzles me more when he says, "the subjectivist in morals, when his moral feelings are at war with the facts about him, is always free to seek harmony by toning down the sensitiveness of the feelings. Being mere data, neither good nor evil in themselves, he may pervert them or lull them to sleep by any means at his command."

This, as I read it, is opprobrium. I take it as opprobrious when he says, "*anaesthesia* is the watchword of the moral sceptic brought to bay and put to his trumps. *Energy* is that of the moralist." And yet his own tone when he speaks to the over-scrupulous inhibited New Englander is anything but that of an absolute moralist. "The need of feeling responsible all the live-long day has been preached long enough in our New England. Long enough exclusively, at any rate—long enough to the female sex. What our girl students and woman teachers most need nowadays is not the exacerbation but the toning-down of their moral tensions." How is this advice to be differentiated from the laxity he reprobates, especially when he himself says that "the absolute moralist, on the other hand, when his interests clash with the world, is not free to gain harmony by sacrificing the ideal interests. According to him, these latter should be as they are and not otherwise. Resistance then, poverty, martyrdom if need be, tragedy in a word—such are the solemn feasts of his inward faith."

It was the irony of pragmatism that the first people really to fall foul of it were those custodians of the "ideal interests" on whose side William James seems morally to have been ranged. What was the essence of pragmatism? "The attitude of looking away from first things, principles, 'categories,' supposed necessities; and of looking towards last things, fruits, consequences, facts." So! The absolute moralists immediately pounced on the idea that pragmatism, looking away from principles, must be shockingly unprincipled, and they poured hot moral shot on James and Schiller and Dewey. James said, this "'makes me tired.' 'How can a Deweyite discriminate sincerity from bluff?' was a question asked at a philosophic meeting where I reported on Dewey's Studies. 'How can the mere pragmatist feel any duty to think truly?' is the objection urged by Professor Royce. Mr. Bradley in turn says that if a humanist understands his own doctrine, 'he must hold any idea, however mad, to be the truth, if any one will have it so.' And Professor Taylor describes pragmatism as believing anything one pleases and calling it truth." It made James tired because "all the *sanctions* of a law of truth lie in the very texture of experience. Absolute or no absolute, the concrete truth *for us* will always be that way of thinking in which our various experiences most profitably combine. To consider hypotheses is surely always better than to dogmatize ins blaue hinein."

Considering William James's own definition of materialism, his own simple moral exhortations and his ideals and over-beliefs, I am not surprised that the anti-pragmatists preferred the empyrean to the empirical, and condemned James out of hand. "A very natural reaction against the theosophizing conceit and hide-bound confidence in the upshot of things, which vulgarly optimistic minds display, has formed one factor of the scepticism of empiricists, who never cease to remind us of the reservoir of possibilities

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alien to our habitual experience which the cosmos may contain, and which, for any warrant we have to the contrary, may turn it inside out to-morrow." Precisely. And for that reason one is dissatisfied, for example, with William James's urging the unlatching of the ego as merely a moral aim in The Gospel of Relaxation. Later psychologists would probably say; no, not a moral aim at all. You need to sweep out your hidden life and first of all to surrender your righteousness. You are tightened because you are protecting a false conception of yourself, a misconception, and you can only relax when you have revalued your morals. There is nothing in the moral pepsin of Trine and Horace Fletcher and others. These are Yankee druggists. You need to go deeper and leave not even your morals untouched.

William James was a great American. I feel that he understood and inculcated a heroism which still makes him a supreme inspiration. He taught people to take hold of philosophy, to keep their balance in the altitudes, to disregard classicists and prigs. He flung his academic mantle free as if he were a prince of adventurers, he flooded our serious literature with beauty and gayety, he had the faith to irrigate the gray American mind. But the work he began was only, as I see it, just begun. Some of the essays in this volume seem underlyingly uncritical and even incurious. He never laid hands on those hidden problems that really bring the sweat and dirt into existence. He talked of the real world, but often in the voice of a glorious uplifter. He never disclosed the enormous readjustments that need to be made before there will be uplift. He spoke of striding forward and onward to moral absolutists who are still fondly nursing their chains.

F. H.

The Efficiency Movement

The Theory and Practice of Scientific Management, by C. Bertrand Thompson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75.

PROBLEMS which involve the science of management have never merited more careful scrutiny than at the present hour. It has become indisputable that the settlement of the issues of war and the upbuilding of empires after the war both depend on the maximum utilization of industrial resources in the several decades coming. This principle lends a significance to the utterances of efficiency engineers of which they themselves are scarcely aware. Their detachment is to be regretted not only because they insist on making pronouncements which fall outside their chosen province, thus distracting attention from genuinely vital proposals, but because they too often speak or write in a manner sure to antagonize the audience they need to enlist. While admitting that the father of scientific management, Mr. Taylor, may have been guilty on this latter count, Mr. C. Bertrand Thompson has not been sufficiently on guard to prevent his own work from being subject to similar criticism on both counts. The result is that this book does not possess either the foresight or the persuasiveness necessary to its vitality and permanence in the literature of industrial reconstruction.

Notwithstanding the comprehensive promise of the title, Mr. Thompson's treatment of his facts is not exhaustive. He outlines the essential features of the new management methods and includes a brief statistical survey of the factories where these methods are now employed as a more or less complete "system." The prefatory chapter on Frederick Winslow Taylor creates an impression which grows as the book goes on, that the author is primarily interested in the "Taylor System." To the student of business reorganization this literalism of interpretation will seem less a tribute to Mr. Taylor than would a more adequate recognition of the fact that our whole conception of industrial efficiency has been revolutionized by the movement which grew up about him, and has now completely outgrown the confines of any narrow systematization. That this is a fair construction of the facts is indeed tacitly admitted by Mr. Thompson; for he devotes a full third of his book to discussing the educational elements of the subject, as represented in the extensive library which has been written about it. Clearly, scientific management is not justified so much by its fruits in the two hundred shops where it now operates, as by its stimulating effect on the whole world of industrial management. But upon this more generous interpretation of the significance of what he calls "positive management," Mr. Thompson does not elaborate. Rather does he select for special and detailed treatment the attitude of the labor unions toward the movement he sponsors, and of his movement toward the unions. And in this selection he shows himself thoroughly aware of the principal problem which the movement today confronts—the problem of meeting the opposition of labor to the extension of scientific management.

Mr. Thompson's statement of facts on this subject is candid, fair and accurate. He states correctly the objections of organized labor to scientific management, and recognizes with refreshing frankness that on certain points there is a conflict of interests between employer and employee which cannot be removed. In considering the reasons why collective bargaining is repugnant to efficiency engineers he wisely takes a long-time view of the problem when he says that "to those intelligent enough to distinguish the real principles of syndicalism from its crudities it will be apparent that the I. W. W. represents more modern tendencies and, unless it is killed by its abuses, has a more promising future (partly because of its greater consonance with the principles of scientific management) than the American Federation." (p. 151.)

In other words, his contention is that the traditional claims of the American Federation of Labor in behalf of craft unionism, uniformity of wages and the union shop, are in opposition to the tenets of sound management. And without attempting to show the historic reasons why the A. F. of L. takes the stand it does, he conveys the impression that any attempt to deal with it under its present leadership is useless and retrogressive. He admits, however, that "there will always be a need for organization of employees to enable them to offset by their combined strength the strategic advantage of the employer due to his initiative in hiring and his control of the purse-strings." (p. 151.) And again he says, "that the labor unions may and should assist in the determination of the standardized conditions and of a day's work and its attainment, and that the existence of the union is and will continue to be necessary. . . ."

But over against these remarks must be set such sentences as, "complete agreement that such matters as the process to be used, or the time which it should take to perform a given piece of work, and the amount of bonus which is to be paid . . . are questions of fact, and therefore not in any sense subject to collective bargaining." "To complicate them [the difficulties of installing the efficiency system] with the necessity of conferring with committees of workmen, not the slightest degree familiar with the principles or the details as they are being worked out in the plant under process of systematization, would be well-nigh fatal."

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Even if one agrees in part with Mr. Thompson's carefully weighed words about the attitude of certain union leaders toward what he believes to be industrial progress, his attitude toward labor organization will still seem impractical and utopian to many people. It will seem recklessly unscientific because it fails to go behind the opposition of organized labor, fails to understand its origins and fails to formulate practical measures which will remove the causes. In one breath to encourage labor to organize and in the next to deny the chance for collective dealing on any but the question of wages is to set limits to human interest and effort which are not only arbitrary but which it is beyond human power to maintain. And when he goes on to say that "principles of conduct in a free society can be enforced only by the consent of those affected," we realize that Mr. Thompson is either saying what he does not mean or he is contradicting himself. For in order that there shall be no mistake in his meaning he adds: "If this consent requires the coöperation of organized labor, so be it, provided this coöperation does not involve the sacrifice of fundamental industrial and social principles." In other words, Mr. Thompson will admit that consent is necessary if only the employers be allowed to define the "principles" to which that consent is being given.

The ultimate conclusion to which the reader will be brought as to the expediency of collective bargaining will depend largely upon previously formed predilections in the light of which he emphasizes one or the other set of the above-quoted statements. On the whole, however, the upshot of Mr. Thompson's contention seems to be that employers should only deal with unions if they "promise to be good"—which means accept scientific management. And since he has already pointed out that under present conditions the unions are very unlikely to embrace the efficiency movement, the inference which he wishes drawn is plain. But that he should leave his position on such a vital matter of policy unstated or ambiguous must be regretted by those who wish well to the propaganda for more science in management and desire its more rapid application to the industrial mechanism.

This confusion of thought about the importance of labor's consent to scientific management will not, however, be a matter of surprise to those familiar with utterances of other leaders of the efficiency movement on the same subject. For they are nearly all of a piece, and all based on a conception of democracy which is calculated to shed no light on practical issues. Indeed one regrets that Mr. Thompson feels called upon to generalize on matters which ramify so widely into the field of political philosophy. That the theory of scientific management has implications which carry over into political and ethical realms is certainly undeniable. But the problem is too important, too organically bound up with the whole question of industrial reorganization, as it is being stimulated by democratic tendencies, to be handled without consummate skill.

All too typical of "engineering" thought on the subject of scientific management—at least if one has a criterion of democracy—are the following sentences: "An industry which is governed by facts rather than by conditions and opinions, is fundamentally democratic, at least in the sense that it is immaterial whether the fact is produced by the general manager or the humblest lumper." (p. 166.) "The present tendency is to lay all the emphasis on its [scientific management's] relation to labor, in accordance with the general theory that numbers are the most important element in a democracy." (p. 106.) "Finally, its inherent democracy, as exhibited by its substitution of fact, so far as possible, for the vagaries of personality, and its provisions of self-government and unlimited opportunity for advancement, tie it closely to the most intelligent political movements of the day." (p. 172.) "His [Taylor's] attitude and that of the men of similar training and experience is that the employee has no right to control or participate in the management of the establishment." (p. 262.)

In the light of this rather declamatory use of the word and the conception of "democracy," it is perhaps not strange that the net impression which the book leaves is one of singular incoherence and a serious lack of the statesman's grasp or successful executive's incisive analysis. Mr. Thompson moves in a world divided into fifths of seconds and into spaces nicely set off with mnemonic symbols. He fails to see that the insuperable obstacle to the success of his cause will not be removed till industry is viewed as a network of human relationships and not as a set of metaphysically intact "facts." His cause is too precious to social advance, and the need of truly sound management too dire for this movement to remain any longer hidebound by mechanistic thinking. It is time that the philosophy of management be touched with something of the liberal spirit and generous knowledge of true values displayed in the sentence of Professor Dewey's which says, "that the economic and industrial life is itself ethical, that it is to be made contributory to the realization of personality through the formation of a higher and more complete unity among men, that is what we do not recognize; but such is the meaning of the statement that democracy must become industrial."

Since it was from this point of view that the late Robert F. Hoxie wrote his Scientific Management and Labor, it is to be regretted that Mr. Thompson dismisses this book so cavalierly in a brief footnote, and does not even admit it to a place in his otherwise admirably chosen bibliography. The type of criticism which that volume embodies is of too fundamental a character for the proponents of scientific management to remain longer impervious to it. Professor Hoxie, always cognizant of the larger aspects of the movement he was studying, showed that the extension of scientific management is less a technical than a human problem. And valuing the human purposes to which organized labor is committed he was clear that labor's control over the introduction of efficiency methods was essential to progressive administration. In this assumption of partial control lies the constructive task of the industrial statesmen of our generation. But of this task Mr. Thompson makes no mention. To him the science of management remains a matter of proper concern for managers only.

O. T.

The Unseen World

The Art of Music, in fourteen volumes. Daniel Gregory Mason, Editor-in-Chief. New York: The National Society of Music.

STRICTLY considered, writing about music is as illogical as singing about economics. All the other arts can be talked about in the terms of ordinary life and experience. A poem, a statue, a painting or a play is a representation of somebody or something, and can be measurably described (the purely æsthetic values aside) by describing what it represents. But music is not a mirroring of the things of this earth; it is an arrangement of tones. It is an unseen world, formed of materials which cannot be tasted, touched or seen. To describe it you must describe tones and their arrangement, a task for which there is no adequate vocabulary in ordinary language, and only a clumsy

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jargon in the speech of musicians. Properly speaking, I think, you can't write about music: you can whet your reader's appetite for it, sensitize his mental recording disk, hint at emotional or pictorial values, or create an entertaining intellectual abstract of the work under discussion, but you can't convey the thing itself except in terms of itself. You can interpret music for the heart, for the brain, for the eye and even for the nose, but you can't interpret it for the ear. You can endow it with any of the values which it hasn't got, but you can't express a single one it has.

Now in order to give it any sort of existence outside the domain of the ear, writers have been obliged to enter into a sort of plot to transfer to it the vocabulary of everyday life, picturing the ear-values in terms of the other four senses. Thus the reviewer tells his readers that Debussy's latest piece sounds the way his best beloved's perfume smells, or that the finale of the Pathétique "pictures the very essence of despair." Of such non-musical terminology is fashioned the best part of the musical comment and criticism that is written today. As the savages created their gods by compounding them of all the admirable qualities of men, so musical writers give actuality to the world of music by peopling it with the images of this earth.

Strictly technical description being inaccurate and unreadable, the flank attack on music is the only one which will serve for the printed page. Unsatisfactory as this method sounds, the public appetite for it is so insistent that publishers have this season issued dozens of books of such musical comment, among them fourteen volumes here grouped under the general title of The Art of Music. They form a glorified hand-book which seeks to fulfil all functions from that of entertainment for the curious reader to that of complete reference for the scholar. Daniel Gregory Mason has laid out an admirable plan, and the managing editor, Cesar Saerchinger, has executed it, on the whole, in distinguished fashion. The names of some of the contributors, such as Sir Hubert Parry, Ernest Newman, Cecil Forsyth, Edward Burlingame Hill, Leland Hall and David C. Taylor, may convey little to the lay reader, but to the musician they mean at least that the editors have sincerely sought to make the work a sound and lasting contribution to musical scholarship, in striking contrast to past collections of similar design, which have been fed to the public through subscription agents on the theory that "anybody will buy anything on installment."

From the scholar's point of view The Art of Music is in a class by itself among American publications. It cannot approach the exhaustive French encyclopedie de la musique, as yet incomplete. It yields points to Grove's Dictionary in respect to the excellence of some of the leading articles, but it is much sounder than Grove's in the proportioning of its space and in its judgments on contemporary and minor composers. Like Grove's, it suffers from slips of the pen and of the proofreader, as well as from the lapses of hurried authors. What is more serious to the working student is absence of a dictionary of technical terms and the inadequacy of the indices, which are confined only to "important" references. It is the paradox of index-making that unless a vast quantity of useless work is done the work is useless.

On the other hand, some of its sections are valuable contributions to the literature of music. Henry F. Gilbert's exposition of primitive music is extraordinarily sympathetic and well documented. The account of the romantic movement lays a much needed stress on the political and social background, and the discussion of living composers is abundant and detailed without going too far into the dangerous field of contemporary criticism. David C. Taylor, in his three compact chapters on the structure and use of the vocal organs, puts to sleep all the fraudulent nonsense that has been fostered in the last half century about "scientific" voice culture. Thorough historical study and inspired common sense have convinced him that the sacred "Italian method" which studio "science" is daily rediscovering, was nothing more than thorough drill under the discipline of a good ear. The volume on The Dance, agreeably detailed in its historical chapters, is marred by its fantastic evaluations of modern tendencies and artists. Harold Bauer's comment on the piano, which he takes to be not the "king of instruments," but rather a convenient mechanical substitute, should be tonic to the student. The dictionary of musicians is as complete as such books ever are. Finally there are two volumes of "musical examples," unusually well selected, which, like the pictures at a stereopticon lecture, give concrete meaning to the halting speech that went before.

Although these last two volumes are the only ones containing any accurate musical comment, the other twelve present a very fair view of the musical mythology by which writers seek to realize music for the layman. Four modes, perhaps, can be distinguished—technical criticism (in non-technical terms), philosophical analysis, interpretative description and "background" information. In all four the writing is equally removed from its true subject matter.

Take, for example, Mr. Hill's comment on D'Indy's B-flat symphony:

> "If, from a technical standpoint, it surpasses anything hitherto attained by its composer in logic and elasticity of form, subtle and compelling development of theme from its generative phrases, clarity of style despite its external complexity, its creative inventiveness, richness of detail, profundity of sentiment and genial orchestration are of equal magnitude."

Note the vocabulary here; every word which conveys anything at all conveys a purely non-musical image—"elasticity," "richness," "profundity." Yet this passage represents the best that can be done in the application of common language to technical criticism.

Mr. Mason, who loves to schematize music for the orderly brain, starts off in this fashion:

> "Essentially there are but three processes concerned in musical construction—the announcement or exposition of the themes, their elaboration or development, and their recapitulation. These processes are the outcome of quite simple psychological facts, . . ."

and so on. This, it seems to me, is only mythology of another and more dangerous sort, but it is very helpful to those who like it.

Interpretative description, frankly pictorial, is much more satisfying to the layman. So long as its mythology does not harden into a theology, its provocative images are stimulating to the imagination and its pretty falsehoods innocent of harm. Says Ernest Newman, for example:

> "Reger's facility and the copiousness of his vocabulary tempt him to overwrite his subject; sometimes the contrapuntal web is woven so thickly that no music can get through. But every now and then this rather heavy-limbed genius achieves a curious limpidity and grace, and a moving tenderness."

From this the reader extracts a diverting picture of some clumsy Gulliver wrestling, like the Corticelli kitten, with the threads of his own meshing. And this does very well for Reger. The listener, with this picture in mind, is sensitized in just the right way for getting at the musical content of the Sinfonietta. An apt image is far more precise than an accurate diagram.

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But those writers who despair of transvaluating the indwelling values of music usually have recourse to "background," which, even when it is confined to unreadable names and dates, is never wholly devoid of usefulness to the listener. More, however, can be done with this mode. Witness Cecil Forsyth:

> "Cyril Scott was born, apparently, in the 'Yellow Book.' His slim Beardsleyesque nature seems to be always moving through an elegant exotic shadow-world, beckoned on by his own craving yet fastidious mind. At Pagani's he sits mysteriously in a black stock and cameo. A strange personality, distinguished and uneasy!"

This is splendid. Not a word about the man's music, yet everything is there.

This quite absurd method of describing music by describing something else is about the best that has yet been invented for general purposes. We must of necessity have recourse to personal reactions. Strictly speaking, every book about music is sold under false pretenses. From the schoolgirl's theme on What the Moonlight Sonata Means to Me to Anatole France's "adventures of the soul among the masterpieces," every comment on music is an essay on the author. My soul, I am sure, is not worth $1.50 per volume to anyone. But M. France's decidedly is, and so is Mr. Forsyth's. Rare souls like these are the only tolerable music critics. From such picturesque confessions as they may write, the layman will get, by way of by-product, his best appreciation of the arts. Only, the layman must remember that he is reading mythology, not truth.

H. K. M.

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Francis Thompson

The Life of Francis Thompson, by Everard Meynell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

OF himself Francis Thompson remarked that it might be said he viewed all mundane happenings with the Fall [of man] for one terminus and the millennium for the other. "If I want to gauge the significance of a contemporary event of any mark, I dump it down as near as I can, in its proximate place between these boundaries. There it takes up very little room."

It is a mystic's confession of unnourished craving for certainty. As artist the poet signalized by the remark, no less than in his work, his allegiance to a creed and a God in whose name he might pour out the splendor of his imagination. His great song was lit with religious consecration and the "orgiac imageries" of his verse were the bridges by which his consecration was liberated from any merely sectarian sense to the beauty of the world.

It is for the anomalies of his faith that Thompson's poetry will live. He could not be ascetic, only refined. The pulse of other mystics beat in him recognizably: Traherne, acclaimed ancestor to Walt Whitman; Thompson's own friend and contemporary, Coventry Patmore; and De Quincey and Coleridge whose reality like Thompson's was compounded painfully and magnificently of dreams.

It is the phenomenon of genius reaching to a perfect Heaven with songs inspired by an imperfect world that Mr. Meynell has exquisitely exposed in this account of Francis Thompson's life, now republished and added to the poet's works. The labor was one of erudition as well as of love. Affection for Thompson he might inherit from the friendship of his parents, Wilfrid and Alice Meynell, by the poet so glowingly celebrated.

But this strange figure of a man, to whose "otherworldliness" all beholders testified, cried for understanding beyond mere affection. Something of the child, already "the artist, the actor in unreal realities," who had been "thrice in love—with the heroines of Lamb's Shakespeare, with a doll, with a statue," Mr. Meynell caught and set down. It was the child who never grew up, the reticent youth who practised versification from his sixteenth year and ransacked the Elizabethan dramatists when he should have been dissecting, that lived on in the mature poet—as well as the ragged wanderer of London streets upon whom shone

> ". . . the traffic of Jacob's ladder
> Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross."

In his intimate foibles Mr. Meynell caught and fixed the picture of this "wild vagabond of the mind," "argonaut of literature, far traveled in the realms of gold." But more than that the life is a worthy footnote to the poet's work. The picture of the man and the work reflect one another and the poet's religious intoxication is better understood in the light of his inevitable loneliness.

"It is improbable that he suffered, but possible that he remembered, more than other children," says Mr. Meynell of the poet's childhood. Into his religious faith probably went something of the suffering and something of the craving that tinctured the dreams of De Quincey and to a lesser degree Coleridge. If Thompson's faith was necessarily more authentic for himself than it could be for another it was yet a font of truth and imagery from which all who read English may long draw.

It is a piece of good fortune for life and literature that to Sister Songs and New Poems should be appended so vivid and understanding a picture as that of Mr. Meynell.

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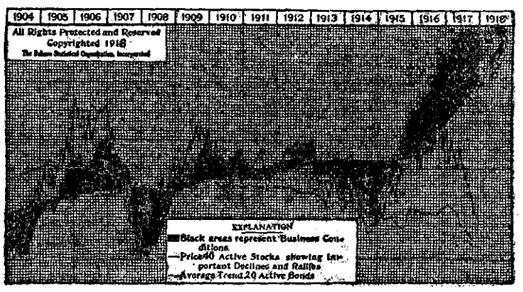
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AT lunch last summer the representative of one of the largest American publishers told me that his house was about to reject, against his judgment, two unusual novels by a new writer—Grant Watson. He urged me to get hold of them; and succeeding in this, I sent one to H. L. Mencken, and the other to Joseph Hergesheimer, author of *The Three Black Pennys*. Both reports were highly favorable. I read the novels with the greatest interest and enjoyment, and accepted them immediately.

The first, WHERE BONDS ARE LOOSED, I am just publishing ($1.50). It has a unique setting—for the most part Kanna Island off the West coast of Australia, few characters and no superfluous words; and the action proceeds with an irresistible rush from Sherwin's smashing fight with Jim Shepherd at the beginning, to his conquest of Alice Desmond at the end.

Grant Watson is a novelist who demands the most serious consideration. To me his first two novels are unusually interesting simply as stories, but they are much more than that. In them he deals with the subject which above all others interests him—the relation of the individual to society. In WHERE BONDS ARE LOOSED he shows the different results of placing different civilized beings in a primitive condition, with, of course, the consequent development of power or weakness under the pressure of isolation and pain.

In THE MAINLAND (which I shall publish next month), he exhibits the inverse process: here the bonds of society are forged. There is this connection between the novels, together with the fact that John Sherwin of the second book, is the son of Sherwin and Alice Desmond of the first. But as stories, pure and simple, each volume is complete in itself. I recommend the first one to you with all my head and heart.

Alfred A. Knopf

It is part of the good fortune that began when Wilfrid Meynell, in the office of Merry England recognized in the ragged, unkempt, almost bare-footed contributor of Paganism Old and New, one of the authentic voices of English literature. H. J. S.

Sentiment, by Vincent O'Sullivan. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.

GIVEN a prosaic young London clerk, whom his match-making aunt invites to the country in order to marry him to a young heiress; given an unexpected rivalry with a neighbor, which forces the unhappy William into the role of poet, spouting Swinburne as his own verse to the awed provincials; given the arrival in town of the very modern young lady to whom William has engaged himself in London—and you have the materials for a very pretty farce comedy. But Mr. O'Sullivan seems uncertain whether he shall make Sentiment a light comedy. For a while the tone is amusingly maintained. But the complicated Penelope, all nerves and intelligence, only alive when she is in amorous pursuit or amorous expectation, intrigues the novelist into a more serious treatment. William's capture of the heiress ends in an uncertain note of bathos, while Penelope's affair, with his rival closes on the utterly false note of the latter's pathetic departure for the war. Sentiment thus becomes two stories in one, written in different emotional keys. The ridiculous situation of William, or the intrigue of the siren Penelope, would each have made a charming story. Woven together, their incongruity is glaring, and betrays an inexpertness of construction on the author's part, which we should not expect from one who comes from England with a reputation like Mr. O'Sullivan's.

Owing to the scarcity of paper, the Index for Volume XIII, which was completed with the last number, has been printed separately. It will be mailed on request, post free, to any subscriber who will send his name and address on a post card directed to The New Republic, 421 West 21st Street, New York City.

Contributors

to this issue

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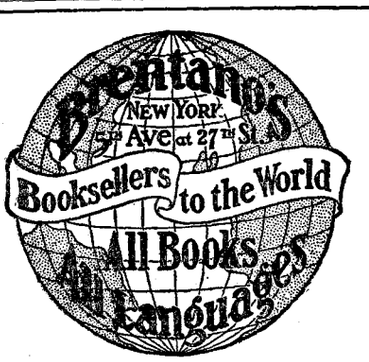

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